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**PETRARCHAL SONNETS,**

**AND**

**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**

---

**5s.**





# PETRARCHAL SONNETS,

10/16

AND

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

WILLIAM DIMOND

1800

THE YOUNGER.

E

"VA, MON ENFAN, ET PREND TA FORTUNE!"

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DEDICATION, BY PERMISSION:

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TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

---

MADAM;

WITH no richer birth-right than the Benediction of its Author, did I pretrude this little Volume on a world of trial and encounter. I affectionated its destiny, but was incapable of protecting it.---Hope *shuddered* as I sent it forth, for the parent was unknown, and gathering clouds menaced desolation on

Ms  
20 Apr 1945

the child!---Your Royal Highness found the unprotected outcast; you received it with compassion; you graced it with adoption; and now usher it, from *neglect* and *obscurity*, into the very noontide sunshine of celebrity and distinction!

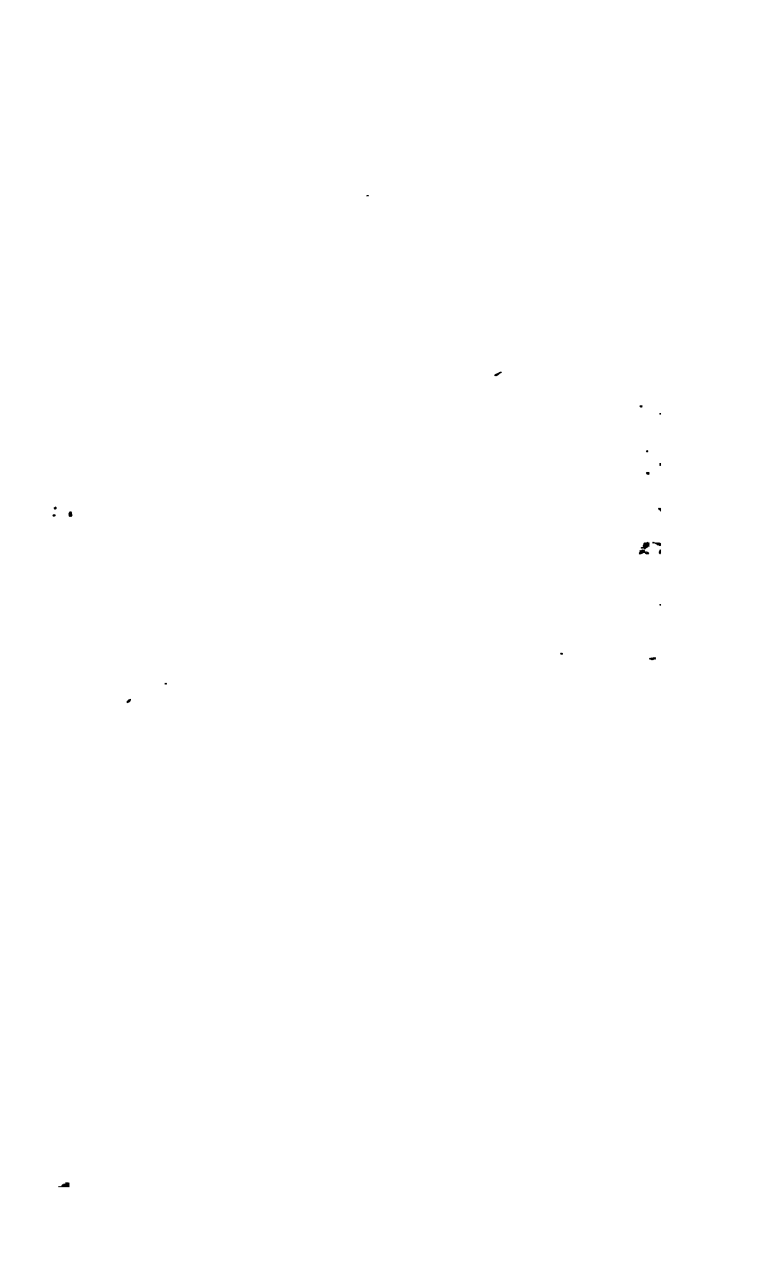
The feelings which agitate my heart at so vast an obligation, condescend, Madam, to *imagine*,---for I cannot---dare not---attempt their *expression*. The Minstrel may presume on success, if FICTION frame his lay; but his hand falters with conscious imbecillity, when TRUTH sublimates the theme! Silence is the most faithful interpreter of gratitude; and to *that* must I confide my sensations, since language resigns the effort, despairing of its powers!

With the most *deeply-ensoul'd* veneration for your august character, I add, Madam, my particular prayer (to that of human nature in

---

general) for the preservation of those virtues, which daily dispense blessings to others upon earth, while they store them for yourself in Heaven.---And shall ever *memorise*---prime of intellectual solaces---that condescension, which now permits me to dignify my name, by prefacing it with the title of “ *Your Royal Highness’s supremely-obliged, ever-grateful, and ever-devoted servant !*”

WILLIAM DIMOND.



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# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
PREFACE - - - - -	I

## PETRARCHAL SONNETS.

SONNET I. - - - - -	II
II. - - - - -	12
III. To April - - - - -	13
IV. To May 1799 - - - - -	14
V. On reviewing a Spot endeared to the Author in the days of Childhood - - -	15
VI. To Melpomene - - - - -	16
VII. To Fancy - - - - -	17
VIII. Occasioned by observing the Tomb of a Friend - - - - -	18
IX. To a Hedge-Sparrow - - - - -	19
X. - - - - -	20
XI. On a Suicide - - - - -	21
XII. - - - - -	22
XIII. To the Abbey of St. Alban's - - -	23
XIV. - - - - -	24

	PAGE
SONNET XV. To the Nightingale - - - -	25
XVI. To a Myrtle - - - -	26
XVII. To Imagination - - - -	27
XVIII. Written in Westminster-Hall - -	28
XIX. The Negro - - - -	29
XX. Written in the earliest Hour of January 1st, 1799 - - - -	30
XXI. The Vision - - - -	31
XXII. The Captive's Complaint - - - -	32
XXIII. - - - -	33
XXIV. The Nun - - - -	34
XXV. The Sea-Boy - - - -	35

## IRREGULAR SONNETS.

SONNET I. To Hope - - - -	39
II. To the Full-Moon - - - -	40
III. Twilight - - - -	41
IV. To Bath - - - -	42
V. - - - -	43
VI. To Miss Lee - - - -	44
VII. To a Bat - - - -	45
VIII. On a wandering Beggar-Boy - -	46
IX. The Outcast - - - -	47
X. To Rosa-Maria - - - -	48
XI. On Sleep - - - -	49
XII. On the Death of R. Merry, esq; - -	50

	PAGE
ET XIII. Imitated from the Italian - - -	51
XIV. Written in the Month of November -	52
XV. The Palmer - - - -	53
XVI. Written on a View of Carisbrook-Castle	54
XVII. To Contemplation - - - -	55
XVIII. The Shipwreck - - - -	56
XIX. Written in the Month of January	57
XX. To the River Avon - - - -	58
XXI. Composed during an Evening Walk	59
XXII. The Rainbow - - - -	60
XXIII. Will o' the Wisp - - - -	61
XXIV. The Lapland - - - -	62
XXV. The Gypsy - - - -	63
XXVI. To Liberty - - - -	64
XXVII. To Death - - - -	65
XXVIII. The Soldier's Departure - -	66
XXIX. The Soldier's Return - - -	67
XXX. The Hermit - - - -	68
and Ellen - - - -	71
occasioned by the Death of Lieut. G——	85
sa-Maria - - - -	93
sa-Maria - - - -	95
s, written on St. Valentine's-Day - -	103
o Stanzas - - - -	104
- - - -	111

	PAGE
Canzonet - - - - -	114
Ballad - - - - -	113
Fragment in Blank Verse - - - - -	122
Elegy on a Sun-Flower - - - - -	126
Lines on a Wreath of Flowers - - - - -	130
Ode on the Murder of Louis XVI. - - - - -	134
Lorenzo and Rosella - - - - -	141
The Ruins of Farley - - - - -	155

## ERRATA.

- Page 43. l. 14, for *pity's ear* read *pity here*.  
 45. l. 12, for *more than cruel* r. *man more cruel*.  
 47. l. 10, for *dripple* r. *drizzle*.  
 74. l. 15, for *dimnest* r. *dunnest*.  
 96. l. 11, for *lucid* r. *lurid*.  
     l. 19, for *perdition'd* r. *perdition's*.  
 119. l. 19, for *thy* r. *my*.  
 134. l. 10, for *bag* r. *bags*.



## PREFACE.




**P**ERCHANCE, in the infinite catalogue of human passions and human follies, there exists none more plausibly-seductive, more extensively-despotic, and at the same time less reducible to the theories of the heart, than *that*, which, despising peril and blind to obstacle, with harassing yet tireless avidity pursues, what when obtained is nothing--*a Name!* With an ample portion of this *mania*, though not more so than attaches to my fellows, have



I been influenced to submit these pages to the public eye.

I shall not here (in conformity with most prefaces to maiden essays) adduce the persuasions of partial friends, or any other ingenious device, as an excuse for the step I have taken. If my productions possess merit, they require *no* excuse; and if the contrary, I disdain to deprecate that chastisement my rashness may have incurred. *I alone* am responsible for the deed, be therefore mine the encomium or the censure, *sole* and *unqualified*. I shall content myself with simply mentioning, that the subsequent pages are the production of **SIXTEEN**; and not written as the serious labours of a soul devoted to no other object, but as the natural relaxations of the mind, during few and limited periods of recess from the monotonous tædium of legal attentions. And this I do not mention through a weak hope of in-



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teresting the compassion of criticism, but merely to possess the candid reader with the means of forming his judgment, accurate and decisive. As I do not desire my youth to plead in my favour, neither let it operate against me; nor, because I confess inexperience, let incapacity be also imputed to me as an absolute and necessary concomitant.

I am fully apprehensive for the Hydra troop of mortifications and difficulties, which, in all probability, I shall have to encounter; and am aware, that there exist wretches (disgraceful to humanity, and debasing the respectable title of critic) whose joy, nay often whose subsistence, arises from the slander of their fellow-beings; men of small native talent and slight classical acquirements, who devote all their little faculties to the base purpose of depreciating the abilities of those on whom nature has dispensed more liberal endowments; the slaves

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of envy, and the agents of malignity—anonymous assassins, who, wrapt in the cloak of mystery, lie darkling to watch the parturitions of Genius, and strangle her fairest offspring ere they meet the light; literary locusts, lighting on the golden plains of promise—blasting the bud and ravening the blossom, tender pledges of maturer fruitage—and then rearing their foul forms in exultation, big and bloated with the ruin they have gorged! That such wretches *do* exist, I should conceive no person sceptic enough to doubt even for a moment: our diurnal and periodical prints teem with incontestible proofs, both of their existence and their malice. The latter I expect to be fully exemplified on myself, I shall receive it with pleasure, as I consider the censures of the evil equal to the commendations of the virtuous—both estimable, and testimonies of worth.



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Let it not, however, be imagined, that from individual error I would deduce general imperfection. I believe a considerable (nay, I will hope the *larger*) proportion of professed critics to be men who, rich in genius and ennobled by science, dignify the age they condescend to analyse. Abundant instances of justice and impartiality are to be met with in most of our popular Reviews, where the nice severities of judgment are tempered by the soft benevolences of the heart, and, blended, form a criticism that instructs as it reproves, and chastens while it chastises.

I would expatiate more amply on this topic, but that I feel my treading to be on charmed ground. A writer,\* but to mention whose name is to speak his panegyric, has already made the subject his own, with a touch so de-


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\* Mr. PRATT, *English Gleanings*, vol. iv. p. 296.

licate, yet forceful, as leaves to me the mere power of referring to the elegant and spirited strictures of *his* pen, for a fuller definition of my sentiments.

To the feelings, to the honour, and to the justice of the last-mentioned *venerable* species of critics, with all proper deference I commit my writings, and in them, *myself*! Let them, with an even hand, balance the scales of evil and of good; in the one cast the blemish, in the other repose the beauty: Should the worser portion preponderate, their simple sentence will be sufficient; the tuneless minstrel shall offend no more, his song is hushed for ever, *the lyre is broken, and the book is closed!* But if—ah! *if*, (around that mighty monosyllable a thousand utterless sensations croud, and find their centre) the more valuable scale should prove the weightiest, oh! let them with a noble mercy forgive the lighter one, nor, to



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avenge one guilty passage condemn an hundred innocents to perdition.

Be their decision what it may, if illumined by candour, I shall accept it with gratitude; that I have faults, nay *numerous* faults, I do not doubt; and the hand that corrects them with impartiality I would caress, though the severity of its blow reverberated to my heart. Of my judges I crave no favour, I demand alone—*justice* in the execution of their office; *justice* dispassionate, final, and unalterable!

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**LEGITIMATE**  
**PETRARCHAL SONNETS.**





## PETRARCHAL SONNETS.

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### SONNET I.


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WHERE have those gilded phantoms wing'd their way,  
That won the trust of my enamour'd sight  
With glimpse illusory of prospects bright,  
And gaily them'd my juvenescent lay?  
*Now*, Hope on slumber only smiles a ray,  
Her ringlets twin'd with braids of glow-worm light  
That shed deceptive lustre through the night,  
But vanish colourless at dawn of day!  
Still Memory's mine—her soft tear dews the urn  
Of joys departed, and affections dead;  
And bids th' unsolac'd wretch despairing mourn  
(With arm aye-folded and dejected head)  
The love-illumin'd date of moments fled  
Far—far away, and never to return!

SONNET II.

---

'TIS sadly-sweet, when midnight musings pour  
Their pale suggestions on the sleepless soul,  
To list the discords of the shrieking owl  
From the dim ruins of some moulder'd tow'r,  
That nods a lonely test of time's fell pow'r!  
Her hoot monotonous, and hungry howl  
Of the gaunt wolf, that stays his ravening prowl  
To bay the full-orb'd moon, befit the hour;  
And sound appropriate to the thought-sick mind,  
In the dark mould of lorn despondence cast,  
That local sympathies alone can find  
In dreary solitudes or desarts waste;  
And leaves the rill-kiss'd mead and soft south wind,  
To court the surge-beat rock and northern blast!



## SONNET III.

TO

APRIL.

---

CAPRICIOUS APRIL! thou that lead'st the year,  
In snowy tunic and dark vest array'd,  
(Mark'd by alternate tints of light and shade)  
And dimly smiling through a peevish tear,  
Haste from thy couch of Iris-light! Appear  
With sunny smile! Unsandal'd trip the glade,  
And scatter faëry blossoms from thy braid  
Of woven violet and crocus—dear  
In the sweet promise which their perfumes breathe,  
That summer soon the vale unzon'd shall rove,  
Flinging from Flora's bright consummate wreath  
The brilliant musk-rose; and shall hang the grove  
With blythe-leaf'd woodbine, shadowing dells beneath,  
That yield luxuriant haunts to rural love.


## SONNET IV.

TO

MAY 1799.

---

ALAS, poor MAY! with truth I style thee poor,  
For sad reverse of former pride is thine!  
On thy cold, cheerless birth no sun-rays shine;  
While half-leaf'd sprigs, and flow'rets immature,  
But faintly dress thy pole at cottage door,  
That peasant-children aye were wont to twine  
With cowslip, daffodil, and eglantine,  
Fresh wept in dews of morning—symbols pure  
Of mirthful innocence! *This* alter'd day  
The very flower peculiar deem'd thine own,  
False to its name, presents the thorny spray  
In naked bareness, and conceals unblown  
Its fair and pencill'd foliage, till the ray  
Of warmer June shall bid its sweets be known!



## SONNET V.

WRITTEN

ON REVIEWING A SPOT ENDEARED TO THE AUTHOR IN  
THE DAYS OF CHILDHOOD, AND SINCE LAPSED  
INTO DESOLATION.

---

EVENING's grey shadow rests upon the scene!  
The lov'd, familiar scene! in which the gaze  
Of silent fondness tearfully essays  
To trace those pristine beauties, yet touch'd green  
By conscious Memory, in the ruin'd mien  
Of wildness and of gloom it now displays.  
Ev'n as I look, wan ghosts of other days,  
Moaning imperfect notes of *what has been*,  
Rush from their mental sepulture, and haunt  
Those shades, at once their cradle and their bier!  
That house, that lawn, those trees, nay each poor plant,  
Friends in adversity deprest appear.  
Lov'd scene! accept all love's full soul *may* grant,  
The sigh of sympathy, the pitying tear!

## SONNET VI.

TO

MELPOMENE.

WRITTEN ON PERUSING THE REV. MR. WHALLEY'S  
"CASTLE OF MONTVAL."

---

MUSE of the tragic song! why droops thy head  
O'er the pale marble of thy OTWAY's urn,  
With eyes, that ever-streaming seem to mourn  
Thy forceful fervour and thy pathos fled,  
E'en with the spirit of the minstrel dead?  
Fear'st thou those attributes will ne'er return,  
To bid once more thy glowing altars burn  
With votive incense? Ah! dispel the dread;  
For *one* still woos thee of the sacred choir,  
That boast the *brilliant zone and snow-white vest*.  
Lo! classic WHALLEY sweeps thy plaintive lyre;  
Soft, echoing sighs the gifted bard attest,  
The heart's wept crystal dims the eye's fine fire,  
And Pity queens her in the heaving breast!

---

\* Allusive to the habit worn by the priests of Apollo.

## SONNET VII.

TO

FANCY.

IN youth's soft bud of prime, ere reason's hand  
Had shook the lucent plumage from thy wing,  
Oft as thy faëry touch imprint the spring  
That wakes ambition, all the dreaming band  
Enthusiasm owns, would fleet expand  
In visionary schemes of bliss; and fling  
Truth's sober-colour'd forms aside, to cling  
Round painted fabrics of delight, that grand  
In air arose with vapour for their base!  
Most fair their semblance to the ravish'd eye,  
Till grave reflection sternly claim'd his place;  
Then would the glitt'ring apparitions fly,  
And aggravated glooms involve the space  
Where disappointment breath'd her bitter sigh!



## SONNET VIII.

OCCASIONED

BY OBSERVING THE TOMB OF A FRIEND OBSCURED BY  
WEEDS AND RUBBISH.

MEMORIAL of the blest! I fain would trace  
Those simple characters of meek renown  
Truth's artless chissel sculptur'd on thy stone,  
To save the noble mind and form of grace  
From total perish!—but dark weeds deface  
Its letter'd front. The thistle's whitening crown,  
And nettle's poignant leaf of irksome brown,  
Usurp the daisy's and the violet's place,  
And flaunt denial on the eye of love!  
Though unreminded, still the pious tear  
(Regret's fond boon) shall duly starting prove  
Thy colden'd inmate to remembrance dear;  
And that this breast, beyond Fate's pow'r to move,  
In death *laments* whom living it was wont *revere*!

## SONNET IX.

TO

A HEDGE-SPARROW,

THAT FLEW FROM ITS NEST AS THE AUTHOR PAST.

NAY, fearful flutterer! hush the fond alarm  
That heaves the plumage round thy throbbing breast ;  
No churl is here to rend thy mossy nest,  
Or do its trembling, twitt'ring inmates harm.  
Through many a tedious hour Hope's secret charm  
For deprivated joys thy grief repress'd,  
And sweetly lull'd repining thoughts to rest!  
Then more than cruel he, whose ruthless arm  
Would wantonly despoil thy late rewards,  
For days of watchfulness and nights of care;  
But he that nature's holy law regards  
Shall still thy fears, and piously forbear  
To snap that cord, with *feeling fineness* strung;  
That binds the parent to its helpless young.

SONNET X.

---

FROM yon grey spire I catch the funeral knell!  
And sadd'ning at its hollow tones, I feel  
A soft unutterable tremour steal  
O'er all the hearted pulse! There seems to swell  
In the deep-voic'd vibrations of that bell  
A murm'ring mystery, that might congeal  
The hottest blood of life! 'Tis an appeal  
From the All-High to mortals that rebel  
Against reflection;—teaching Pride, how fleet  
Her cherish'd vanities may feed the earth;  
Blanching the cheek of flush'd intemperate Mirth;  
And shaking Guilt upon his *regal seat*!  
Oh, may it fill the soul with fervour mete!  
Then lift it, purified, to deeds of worth!

## SONNET XI.

ON AN

## UNHAPPY SUICIDE,

WHO DROWNED HIMSELF IN MAY 1799.

IS there that wretch, bereft of each relief  
That balms existence, and driv'n to the verge  
Of madd'ning frenzy, whom despair can urge,  
In bitterness of soul, by action brief  
At once to cast his load of life and grief;  
Provoke the chillness of the fateful surge,  
And bid its gulping billows howl his dirge!  
Self-ended, self-destroy'd, through weak belief  
That *no tribunal sits beyond the grave?*  
Alas, vain sophist! rather let him bear  
Calamities undream'd, and boldly brave  
A tempest of distress, than impious dare  
Contemn the law of Him who dy'd to save,  
And blast rewards his mercy and his love prepare!

SONNET XII.

---

REGARD yon ship! true symbol of man's pride!

How gay its colour'd streamers float—how brave

Its painted prow cuts through th' embracing wave!

In such exultant pomp it seems to glide,

As though 'twere some fair mistress that the tide

With am'rous fondness did delight to lave.

But swift those winds that sleep, shall wake and rave;

Those skies that melt in blue, shall welter wide

In floods of flame, and ocean's breast of green

Upheave in boiling mountains to the fray!

Then shalt thou mark yon boaster's *alter'd* mien—

Of warring elements the beaten prey,

From surge to madden'd surge alternate tost,

It floats a wreck—then sinks *for ever* lost!

## SONNET XIII.

TO THE

ABBEY OF ST. ALBAN's.

HAIL! veteran combatant of spoiling time,  
And hoary scorner of his baffl'd pow'r!  
The grey solemnity that clothes thy tow'r,  
Thy royal cenotaph,\* melodious chime,  
And high-wrought architrave, enforce his rhyme,  
Who oft has solac'd him in heavy hour,  
And dress'd his bosom with a thornless flow'r,  
While ruminating on those boasts sublime  
Of artists perisht, and of ages past!  
Grey pile! in gratitude my votive sigh  
Shall ever breathe, when roars the battling blast,  
That harmlessly it sweep thy fabrics by;  
And long their proud integrity may last  
To feast the antiquary's classic eye!

---

\* *Humphrey duke of Gloucester* is interred here.

SONNET XIV.

---

BEHOLD a man superior to his kind,  
The deepen'd music of whose virtuous name  
Sounds a just echo to the voice of fame!  
Still are there those so poorly base of mind,  
That sick'ning at its light they seek to find  
Some speck minute, or trivial spot of blame,  
To cast upon this sun, and dim its flame!  
Nay, if stern Truth deny *her* aid to blind  
The beam she worships—then with tainting breath  
Foul Calumny invokes her locust-brood,  
Of hint, surmise, and rumour, that conclude  
Their murd'rous flight with reputation's death;  
While Malice the clear front of Candour apes,  
And Falsehood bars the shaft that Envy shapes.

## SONNET XV.

TO

THE NIGHTINGALE.

SAD Poet of the twilight grove! I do ,  
    Bending o'er pearly dew's my moisten'd way,  
    To reach the covert of that shadowing spray,  
Whence the wild-warbl'd tremours of thy throat  
Through yielding mists and darken'd æther float,  
    Then melting in the breeze-breath die away.  
Songstress of sorrow! in thy plaintive lay  
Oft doth there swell some soft unconscious note,  
    That sinks assuasive on the heart undone :  
For, oh! it sweetly tunes the falling tear  
That memory drops on lost Contentment's bier,  
    And seems the requiem of affections gone.  
Then, gentle bird! thy elegiac strain prolong,  
And soothe my soul with mournful melodies of song!



## SONNET XVI.


✓

TO A

MYRTLE.

---

Lo! blooming Myrtle, on thy polish'd rind  
I grave the cypher of the fair I prize;  
And know the mark a secret worth implies  
Of mystic import to its form assign'd,  
Of strong persuasion o'er the rugged mind,  
And bright bewitchment on licentious eyes,  
That awes them into virtue by surprise.  
Oh, Myrtle! as approv'd these truths thou find,  
Whene'er thy procreant charms present a shoot,  
(In native robe of deathless verdure drest)  
Still be the cypher on that shoot imprest!  
So born and nurtur'd of thy parent root  
In green expanse shall wave a *letter'd grove*,  
Teaching the word of UNIVERSAL LOVE!



## SONNET XVII.

TO

## IMAGINATION.

**H**ASTE, Imagination! Haste on wing  
Of flame innocuous, lin'd with sapphires fair,  
And dropt with amber-light; thy golden hair  
In folds luxuriant floating free from string,  
No zone to check thy breast's elastic spring!  
Give me to spurn this sublunary sphere,  
To clue the undiscover'd wilds of ær,  
Nature's vast treasures, and rapt to sing  
The goddess and her works, where most they reign  
In unspoil'd loveliness—Th' horizon bright,  
The gorgeous sun, and soft-beam'd starry train  
That wait on milder Luna. Blissful flight!  
Oh, soul-born Genius! seize aloft my strain,  
And waft its voice to song's supremest height!

## SONNET XVIII.

WRITTEN IN

WESTMINSTER-HALL,

DURING THE LONG VACATION OF 1799.

---

ABANDON'D Courts, all desolate and drear,  
Your pavements dark with dust alone I pace,  
And through the wide extent of voided space  
No mortal murmuring invades my ear!  
Nor *now*, as wont in better times, appear  
The long-rob'd barrister with quaint grimace,  
His anxious client with yet *longer face*;  
Nor curious multitudes that throng to hear  
The pending sentence on a doubtful case,  
And mark, with deep devotion for the law,  
This pleader's hem! that judge's sapient saw!  
Alas! of these there lurks no ling'ring trace;  
And startl'd Echo, moaning through the halls,  
Repeats my lonely step, as slow it falls!

## SONNET XIX.

THE

NEGRO.

THE capes of Afric fade! fleet scuds the bark  
That wafts the Negro from his native land!  
Oft the lorn captive lifts his fetter'd hand,  
In desperation vain, to quench the spark  
Of life grown odious. Baff'd, lists to hark  
The sullen surges howling from the strand  
A plunder'd people's curse, to blast the band  
Of fugitive oppression! Drear and dark  
As night's thick shadow settles on the main,  
And hides *for aye* the vanish'd coast from view,  
In soul-sent groans bursts forth his mighty pain;  
A gush of anguish floods his rolling eyes;  
Convuls'd with agony, he gasps and sighs—  
“ Land of my fathers, hope, and life—adieu !”

## SONNET XX.

WRITTEN

IN THE EARLIEST HOUR OF JANUARY 1ST, 1799.

---

LO! the first struggle of an infant year!  
The midnight tempest howls to check its birth,  
And apathising Ruin chains the earth  
In numb-chill fetters, frozen from the tear  
That nature dropp'd in agony! Yet cheer!  
The social semi-circle round the hearth,  
High-pil'd with revel, sport, and festive mirth,  
Hail the young stranger. Smiles of joy appear  
Dimpling the cheek of youth, and smoothing down  
The time-worn wrinkle on the brow of age.  
Sweet tests! that vain the season's darkest frown,  
Or utmost violence of winter's rage,  
To spoil the guiltless bosom's high awards  
That Peace illumines, and that Virtue guards!

## SONNET XXI.

THE  
VISION.

AST night my slumbers fram'd a golden dream!  
[ thought me dead, and past this bounded sphere,  
(Bounded in all save sorrows) o'er my bier  
d a fair form in angel radiance beam  
day of smiles! More lovely did she seem  
Than word can shape. Her zone of crystal clear  
Restrain'd a breast yet clearer; her gilt hair,  
rough folds of rose and amaranth, did stream  
Loose on her iv'ry shoulders! HAPPINESS,  
(The wondrous creature's name) ne'er giv'n to bless  
earthly longings, *now* invok'd my sight;  
On my cold lids she pour'd her sunny eyes,  
Melting the seals of death, she bade me rise—  
woke—I started into day—but *lost the light!*

## SONNET XXII.

THE

CAPTIVE'S COMPLAINT.

---

GREAT God! yet longer am I doom'd to dwell,  
A wretch that life alike with death disowns!  
Silent to watch from dank and mildew'd stones  
Unwholsome moistures ooze, and listless tell  
The heavy eave-drop patt'ring down my cell;  
Or waken echo with upbraiding groans,  
And steal her deep response in soften'd moans?  
Supreme, Omniscient Judge! thou knowest well  
What hopeless horrors linger on my fate;  
How the energetic fires of mind consume,  
And leave their darken'd mansion desolate!  
Oh! then in mercy grant my final doom,  
Snatch my worn spirit from oppression's hate,  
And lead it forth to freedom—*tbrough the tomb!*

---

## SONNET XXIII.

AS blushes into life the Summer's morn,  
When youthful floods of orient light appear,  
And worlds of roses bud along the sphere,  
'Tis sweet to rise ! To print the moisten'd lawn,  
To shake the virgin crystal off the thorn,  
And mark Day's parent God sublimely rear  
His flaming crest on clouds of amber clear !  
While (pierc'd with beam) in light blue columns borne,  
Exusive vapours from the vale below  
Climb the bold masses of the rocky steep,  
Float round its base, and melt upon its brow !  
'Tis in such contemplation, eyes that weep  
Forget the cruel source whence streams their woe,  
And reigns a MENTAL CALM, more holy far than sleep !



## SONNET XXIV.

THE

N U N.  


WHERE frowns on night the dark monastic pile,  
A lonely, silent vigil doom'd to keep,  
Lo! the pale cloister'd Vestal steals from sleep  
A sacrifice to prayer! The moonlight aisle  
With equal step she treads, whilst a faint smile  
Chides the dim eye, that longs yet fears to weep ;  
Unaw'd she lists the gust deep-moaning sweep  
Along the vaulted gloom. For pure of guile  
Her bosom knows not fear; but meek she kneels  
Before the image of her patron saint,  
And cancels error in contrition's plaint;  
'Till, from her purged soul all earth-dross driv'n,  
An emanated ray divine she feels,  
Scorns this base sphere, and glympsés into Heav'n!

## SONNET XXV.

THE

SEA-BOY.

AS lessening sinks the hill, and fades the vale,  
The mournful Sea-boy climbs the shrouds aloft;  
In broken sighs, and whispers sadly-soft,  
Imparts the burthen of his am'rous tale  
In fond commitment to the wafting gale,  
For *her* belov'd that weeps on shore! And oft,  
As to the wind (in farewell token doft)  
He gives his kerchief, feels his spirits fail,  
And vows *no more* or sport or mirth to know!  
Yet ah, how mutable the mind of man!  
In one probation-hour's brief faery span  
He holds nor thought nor trace of recent woe,  
But joins his messmates on the deck below,  
Trolls the blythe catch, and quaffs the sparkling can!



## IRREGULAR SONNETS.

---

*THE following articles, which I have classed under the description of SONNETS, have no other claim to the title than that which modern courtesy has bestowed on every writer, who flings fourteen succinct lines into a metrical shape. But as I could frame no other title for them, and must consequently have sent them on the world nameless and without a mark, I request the rigid critic to withhold his anathema on my devoted head, till the experience of a few subsequent pages shall decide on its justice.*

Sonnet X. addressed to Rosa-Maria, formerly appeared in the Morning Herald; with a variety of other pieces similarly addressed, under the signature of Castalio. They principally were composed in answer to the melodious invocations of a lyre, whose loveful

*softness and pathetic energies the Maid of Lesbos might have owned without a blush.*

*The pieces retained in this volume but form a slight, a very slight portion of a correspondence continued at intervals, for nearly a twelvemonth, in the public prints. I have selected them as least dependant on adventitious subjects, and whatever their intrinsic merit, I can with pride assert, they were the sole and immediate cause of rousing from inaction the muse of a lady, who might otherwise have remained an unblest miser of the treasure she possessed; or rather like the unobtrusive violet, humble and sequestered, content with blooming lovely in solitude, and dispensing fragrance over her native tuft.*

---

## SONNET I.

TO

HOPE.

**I**DOL of Nature! whose irradiant smile

Can pierce the earth to gild the dungeon's gloom;  
Nay! the lone death-bed of its pangs beguile,

And paint the *beav'ns* through the *shadowy tomb!*

Sweet Hope! by wild corrosive griefs oppress,

I half could deem the black'ning fiend Despair  
Had blurr'd thy lights *for ever* from my breast;

Yet no! these tremours speak thou still art there.

Speak—that thy lambent flutt'rings ne'er depart,

'Till mind and animation all are fled.

Wov'n in each vital fibre of the heart,

They liveliest burn when most we think them dead;

Illume the darkest hour of worldly strife,

Nor wing their flight—but on the *latest sigb of life!*

## SONNET II.

TO THE

FULL MOON.  


*CONSUMMATE world of light!* While others sleep,  
'Tis mine to mark thy globe transparent glide  
Through the vast oceans of its *own* blue deep,  
And smile disdain on Neptune's meaner tide!  
Most sweet, most utterless delights I find  
With silent vigil to adore thy reign,  
While restless Fancy flutters o'er the mind,  
And busies thought in speculations vain.  
For oh! I ponder, that thy lucid sphere  
May haply bosom in itself create  
Kingdoms and empires, peopl'd ev'n as *here!*  
Then pause and sigh, lest thy strange natives' fate  
Resemble that of man, *sense-curst* below;  
Since all thy realms were then—*mere amplitude of woe!*

## SONNET III.

## TWILIGHT.

I Love the hour, when paly tints embue  
The garish bosom of the westering day,  
And Twilight melts to shade the last red ray !  
With chaste, cool touch, impearl'd in virgin dew,  
Each languid plant reviving meets the view,  
Lifts its dropt head, and drinks the genial tear ;  
The hill, the vale, assume a soften'd hue ;  
The lawn, the wood, in shadowy dress appear.  
The plume-rob'd Minstrels, as the day-beam fades,  
Pour their wild vesper-songs from answ'ring glades ;  
And homeward as they sweep the liquid sky,  
Swell a full dirge upon the zephyr's sigh.  
Thee too th' Enthusiast loves, meek pensive Hour,  
And hails with rapture from his sacred bow'r !




## SONNET IV.

TO

BATH.  


O BATH, my native BATH! I never muse  
On those light hours of bliss I've pass'd in thee,  
But my fond soul intuitive reviews  
The cherish'd scenes it stor'd in *infancy*!  
Remembrance guides me to the well-known shore,  
Where Avon ripples as she shapes her tide;  
The willows waving wild, the tall cliffs hoar,  
And greenwood vales receding fair beside!  
Ev'n now in fancy, Claverton! I climb  
Thy upland path, I gain thy pine-clad peak—  
O God! the long divorce of space and time  
Dissolves—its fresh wind plays upon my cheek.  
Lov'd haunts! aye shall ye be to mem'ry dear,  
And claim the heart's best boon—the heart-wept tear.



## SONNET V.

O Thou! who up life's fickle changeful tide,  
Light o'er the wave, and favour'd by the gale,  
View'st thy trim bark uncheck'd, unruff'd glide,  
And in security unfurl'st thy sail!  
Ah, happy rare one! banish not thy breast  
God's thrice-blest prototype—*Humanity*;  
But nurse the throb that's felt for him oppress'd,  
Lorn winterling, unsunn'd of Fortune's eye!  
Reflect, that self-same gale, which *thy* heart joys,  
The fated child of woe's pale hope destroys;  
Drives his frail bark a wreck o'er billows rude,  
The vary'd sport of mad vicissitude.  
Then boast the tear that starts from human love,  
Lend pity's ear, and wait repayment from *above*!

## SONNET VI.\*

TO MISS LEE,

Written on the *first* perusal of "Almeyda queen of Grenada."

---

OH! for thy fine-strung lyre, whose potent sound  
With syren flow entrances raptur'd sense,  
Makes each thrill'd nerve with extasy to bound,  
Inconscious of the cause, or how, or whence!  
'Tis thine, soft Moralist! by noblest art  
To fire dull Apathy with hope and fear,  
From laughing Levity to charm the tear,  
And print thy precepts *living* on the heart.  
When *erst* thy mournful muse in plaintive strain  
Sigh'd o'er the victim of tyrannic hate,  
And wak'd the griefs of royal MARY's fate,  
The fluent eye avow'd the bosom's pain;  
And *now* ALMEYDA raves—wild awe prevails,  
We feel her griefs *our own*—and language fails.

---

\* Admiration for superior talent has frequently been the parent of *trembling* emulation; this Sonnet is an immediate illustration of the remark. It is the *earliest* effort of a muse still in her infancy; and was written ere the author had seen his 14th summer: yet tenderly partial to his *first-born*, he ventures (with all its faults upon its head) to retain it in the present volume; and flatters himself, the errors of the verse will be forgotten in the perfections of the theme!

---

## SONNET VII.

TO

A BAT.

SAY, solitary Bird! that shunn'st the light,  
That lurk'st 'mid mystic glooms the social hour,  
Obscur'd in darksome cave or ivy'd tow'r,  
And joyest only in the shades of night,  
Does ranc'rous envy fill thy narrow mind,  
When the spruce goldfinch spreads his gaudy wing?  
Or, impious, dost thou deem thy fate less kind,  
Because the linnet can more sweetly sing?  
Though to thy form no plummy boasts belong,  
Though to thy voice no liquid sweets of song;—  
Nor cruel prey-bird wind'st thee to devour,  
Nor *more* than cruel, slav'st thee to his pow'r;  
Th' ALMIGHTY, when he fram'd this perfect ball,  
Dealt his free gifts in equal shares to all.

## SONNET VIII.

ON A

WANDERING BEGGAR-BOY.

---

POOR vagrant wretch! what ills must thou endure!

All the cold hours of this chill, bitter day,

Half-frozen hast thou pac'd thy shiv'ring way,

While the keen sleet-fall arrow'd o'er the moor.

Thy scanty rags, all-tatter'd, leave thy form

A fenceless victim to the drenching storm;

And thy bare feet with *crimson tears* yet own

The flint's sharp-edge, or roughly-pointed stone!

Where houseless, hopeless, wilt thou lay thy head,

To 'scape the rude research of "winter's flaw?"

Blest, if thou gain'st, in place of earth's damp bed,

A pent-house shelter, and a truss of straw!

Yet cheer thee, wretch! for *this* world's mis'ries o'er,

*Another*, and a *better* one, remains in store.

## SONNET IX.

THE

## OUTCAST.


WHAT deep-drawn sigh, from yon inwoven shade,  
    (Whose leaves hold whisper'd parley with the breeze)  
Doth the wont stillness of the night invade  
    *Beguiling silence of her little ease?*  
'Tis MARY sighs, and weeps her guilty love!  
'Mid bow'ry mazes of yon conscious grove,  
In sighs and sobs she vents her soul's despair,  
And freights with ling'ring plaint the sadden'd air.  
On earth's cold face poor MARY seeks her bed,  
    The night-dews dripple where the Outcast sits;  
No sound her mis'ry cheers, save round her head  
    On sullen wing the dull bat circling flits:  
Ah! let the world its needless scorn forego,  
In Guilt's own stream doth Expiation flow!

## SONNET X.

TO

ROSA-MARIA.  


HENCE, from my winter'd breast, ye blooming train  
Of laughing summer-thoughts! that did beguile  
My wretchedness with joy's unreal smile.  
Delusive visions! ye enhance my pain,  
Yet 'twill not be; my heart the effort flies,  
With ling'ring love still woos those æry themes  
Of evanescent bliss, and fondly dreams  
Bright images it ne'er can realize.  
In pity, ROSA, dissipate my fears,  
Nor blast with exercise of wanton pow'r  
Meek Hope's pale-blossom'd unoffending flow'r,  
That timid Fancy *waters with her tears!*  
Let the soft thought, though false, be yet believ'd;  
And I continue *happy*—though *deceiv'd!*



## SONNET XI.

ON

SLEEP.

**M**OST dear to me, the hour of soft repose!  
When pierc'd and rankling with the thorns of life,  
The taunt of Calumny, and Envy's strife,  
In easy sleep my willing eye-lids close:  
For then wild Fancy waves her æry wand,  
And charms the arrow from my bleeding breast;  
In balm thrice-steep'd applies her lenient hand,  
And braids her rose with poppies o'er my rest.  
A choir of imag'd nymphs, divinely bright,  
Steal on mine ear the song of gay delight;  
They bid the faded flow'rets bloom anew,  
And Hope's pale wreath resume its wonted hue!  
But ah! too soon I lose the flatt'ring strain,  
And wake to dark *reality*, with added pain!



## SONNET XII.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF  
ROBERT MERRY, ESQ;  
THE CELEBRATED POET.

---

BEAM back, thou rising sun! nor yet presume  
To outrage Nature with offensive light;  
Perpetuate, ye sable shades of night,  
And shroud her wretchedness in genial gloom!  
For *him* the goddess mourns, whose crystal heart  
Her dearest attributes did erst enthrone;  
Whose tow'ring song with pride she call'd *her own*,  
And wafted buoyant 'bove the reach of art!  
And could he die—could DELLA CRUSCA die?  
Creation's echo answers with a sigh!  
Yet from incumb'ring earth to native skies  
Though freed and pure his ardent spirit flies,  
Still must a nation's sorrows bathe his tomb,  
Where fadeless wreaths of living letters bloom!

## SONNET XIII.

IMITATED

FROM THE ITALIAN.

BRAID me yon mirtle-spray! and thou, my lyre,  
Strike from thy silv'ry soul, and sigh around  
Some melting murmur of Idalian sound,  
That breathes the extacies of fond desire!  
O! haste, my Laura, let us seek the bow'r,  
Where thrillant raptures crown the golden hour;  
To all th' intrusive steps of man unknown,  
Confess'd to prying love, and *love alone!*  
There, in soft riot, bless the live-long day;  
And when chaste Dian casts her bashful ray,  
Stretcht on the violet-bank we'll wait the morn,  
Or press the bed of roses—free from thorn!  
Then, Gods, retain your vainly-boasted skies,  
In LAURA's arms I'll find a paradise!

## SONNET XIV.

WRITTEN

IN THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

---

WITH hollow sweep the bleak gust moaneth by,  
Vents its deep wail along the stubble sere;  
And flits the fallen leaves, that yellowing lie  
In emblem circlets of the dying year!  
Nor hedge-row warbl'd song, nor woodland sound  
Of Nature's minstrelsy, now swell the breeze,  
That, mournful sighing, sways the shiv'ring trees;  
But all is drear and comfortless around!  
And hark! the water-fowl, loud clamouring,  
Screams on the lake, then spreads her dusky wing;  
With slow flap hovers o'er the reedy flood,  
Dips her grey bill, and gripes her scaly food.  
Heart-sick'ning glooms! what ghastly thoughts ye bring  
To that lorn wretch, who dares not hope return of spring!

---

## SONNET XV.

THE

PALMER.

WITH fault'ring step, and wistful-glancing eye,  
The toil-worn Palmer plods his erring way;  
Aghast and pale beholds the beam of day  
Westering slope, and night-shades film the sky;  
Inconscious where to bend his doubtful tread,  
Trembling he flings around his tear-swoll'n gaze;  
Rude mountain-wilds frown beetling o'er his head,  
And desert wastes, and darkling forests, spread  
To distance infinite a trackless maze:  
Bereft of hope, he seeks some green-moss bed;  
There lies him down, the sky-lark's call to wait,  
And meekly bows submission to his fate.  
So I, though bleeding still from *wounds of mind*,  
Can view the pending storm—yet smile, resign'd!

## SONNET XVI.

WRITTEN ON A VIEW OF

CARISBROOK CASTLE.\*

---

STILL ever, CARISBROOK! thy mention'd name  
Must start a conscious blush o'er Virtue's cheek,  
While Memory's wounded organs shrinking speak  
A Monarch's suff'ring, and his people's shame!  
Nor all thy *native* boasts of scite or clime,  
Nor *Art's* profuser gifts, can e'er efface  
The deep-writ characters of dark disgrace  
That stain thy chambers in the book of time.  
'Twas there a royal Captive meekly bore  
The foul-mouth'd traitor's taunt, and coward jest  
Of little great-ones, swell'd by sudden pow'r.  
Yet in endurance of extremest woes  
No curse of bitterness escap'd his breast,  
But pray'rs for pardon on his guilty foes!

---

\* It was in this fortress, that noble, but ill-fated, Prince and Martyr, Charles I. dragged his long lone hour in captivity, previous to that impious mockery, stiled by sacrilegious rebels—*his Trial!*

## SONNET XVII.

TO

## CONTEMPLATION.

WHEN fled the glare of day, and hush'd and mute  
The rude varieties of babbling sound,  
No murmur heard, to break the calm profound,  
Save far-off floatings of the lover's lute,  
That breathes the secret of its master's pain,  
And Philomela's sad responsive lay,  
Who nightly bow'reth in the willow-spray,  
And sings of sorrow in her truest strain;  
Then, Nymph serene! I court thy soothing pow'r  
To shed oblivion o'er my woe-worn breast,  
And renovate the bloom of Fancy's flow'r,  
That droops its sickly head, with grief oppress.  
Ah! steal me from *myself* for *one* brief hour,  
No more I'll crave, since in that hour *I'm blest!*

## SONNET XVIII.

THE

SHIPWRECK.

---

WITH deep and hollow roar the sea-flood beats  
Its fractur'd wave along the foam-sprent cliff;  
In the dim, distant haze a wretched skiff,  
Undeck'd and shatter'd, o'er the wild surge fleets!  
The sun has set; dark, billowy clouds around  
In sable menace wrap the widow'd sky,  
And the bleak arrowy blast, that shrieketh by,  
Freights on mine ear a dire prophetic sound.  
Alas, lorn mariners! where will ye be,  
When next day's sun smiles on the frowning wave?  
Plung'd mid the depths of ocean's darkling cave,  
And gulph'd in fathomless eternity!  
Lorn mariners! though impotent to save,  
My tears shall stream, and *amplify your grave!*

## SONNET XIX.

WRITTEN

IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

THE shadowy glooms, that o'er yon faded green  
Condense in dreariness, besit my woe!  
Alas! not yet six *little* months ago,  
With what an alter'd hope I hail'd the scene!  
Then jessamine her yellow blossoms spread;  
And brighter honeysuckles, flaunting fair  
Their fragrant tassels to the perfum'd air,  
Inweav'd a breathing lattice o'er my head:  
Then was I happy—then delights would crown  
The airy tenor of each smiling hour.  
Those halcyon pleasures are *for ever* flown,  
E'vn with the season's glories I deplore;  
Yet summer shall again unfold her store,  
But, ah! my happiness returns no more!



## SONNET XX.

TO THE  
RIVER AVON.

---

AVONA! oft in boyhood's cloudless day,  
Light, gay, and sportive, have I tripp'd to thee,  
Dear haunt of infantile festivity,  
To wile a thoughtless hour in vary'd play!  
And as I frolick'd o'er thy margent mead,  
Or wove its flow'rs in chaplets for my head,  
Have ofttimes paus'd to list thy rippling sound,  
Or view the myriads of golden beam  
Dance on thy silv'ry tide, and brilliant seem  
As jewell'd fairies wav'ring in their round!  
Then have I cry'd—"O meek-ey'd, smiling Peace!  
May thy assuasive guardianship never cease,  
And soft Contentment's reign *perpetual* last!"  
But ah! that prayer was futile, and those times are past!

## SONNET XXI.

COMPOSED DURING AN EVENING WALK THROUGH A  
DESOLATED COUNTRY.



'TIS the Night-Raven's harsh, discordant cry,  
That 'midst the roarings of the hollow blast  
Breaks indistinct along the lonely waste ;  
I catch its distant wailings fitfully.  
Ill-ominer, I hail thy boding scream !  
In suited music to this anguish'd heart,  
Its tones a sadly-pleasing thought impart,  
That not far-off completion is that dream,  
Whose cherish'd purport hath so oft beguil'd  
The mental rigours of my cruel doom,  
Preserv'd me from distraction's vortex wild,  
And sav'd me from despair's o'erwhelming gloom.  
Yes, I *will* hope, that soon Misfortune's child  
May taste a sweeter cup—beyond the tomb!


## SONNET XXII.

THE

RAINBOW.

---

**W**HEN the soft, summer Rainbow paints its line  
Of waving brilliance o'er the silky sky,  
How harmonised the many tinctures fly  
On liquid pinions through its arch, to shine  
With blended beauties, that delight the eye !  
But oh ! full fleet the fairy colours fade,  
And, fainting from the gaze, dissolve in shade.  
Ev'n such the doom of frail humanity !  
In life's gay vernal prime, Hope's courtier tongue  
Trolls honey'd promises of future joy ;  
With dear deceit she tunes her syren song  
Of golden happiness without alloy,  
And troops of Hebe pleasures ever young—  
Fantasmas all, that riper years destroy !



## SONNET XXII.

TO

WILL O' THE WISP.

FANTASTIC goblin of illusive light!

'Tis thy quaint sport at eve, in knavish play,  
To scare the bumpkin on his homeward way,  
And raise his stiffen'd hair with gaping fright.

And oft, when wilder'd on the swampy waste,  
Lur'd by thy wayward revels, luckless sprite,  
The path-lost wand'rer follows through the night

With bootless speed and unavailing haste,  
O'er jelly'd marsh, foul fen, and quaking mire;  
Step-sore, and sick at heart, with weary pace  
He tracks thy fugitive deceitful fire,

'Till some weed-mantl'd pool, to end the chace,  
Chin-deep receives him 'neath her green attire,  
To cool at leisure from his heating race!

## SONNET XXIV.

THE

LAPLANDER.

---

MARK the poor Laplander ! that speeds his car,  
By dire necessity propell'd to go,  
O'er keenly-freezing wastes of harden'd snow,  
And crystal desarts spreading dimly far;  
No guardian ray to cheer his aching sight,  
Save paly gleamings of the polar star,  
Like faint-reflecting vaults of pointed spar  
That shoot o'er cavern'd waters *doubtful light* !  
Yet place that wretch in some blythe summer-vale,  
Still will he woo with sighs his native coast,  
And all its horrors of December frost;  
Still listless pine the hour, till springs the gale  
That wafts him homeward from the silken south,  
To drop life's *yellow leaf* where bloom'd his youth !

## SONNET XXV.

THE  
GYPSY.

BEHIND yon waving copse of dusky yew,  
In patch-work mantle wrapt, and quaint attire,  
Dripping from recent storm, and splasht with mire,  
An antient Gypsy-wand'rer cross'd my view.  
Her weather-beaten cheek was deeply lin'd  
By time's slow wear; a tress of iron grey,  
Just tipt with silver, crept its straggling way  
Beneath her tatter'd hood, and unconfin'd  
Wav'd o'er her tawny brow; her scowling eye,  
In the dark flashes of its fitful roll,  
Seem'd to peruse the secrets of the soul,  
And gleam its lightnings on futurity!  
I pass'd the beldam, as she stoop'd to light  
The crackling faggot for her feast by night!

## SONNET XXVI.

TO

LIBERTY.

---

NYMPH of the giant heart, and fairy step,  
That bound'st so light the valley's velvet turf  
To breast the dashings of the ocean surf,  
And meet the billows' swell with scornful leap;  
Or scale the ridges of some mountain-steep,  
Hung high in airy pride above the plain,  
There chace the roebuck in his native reign,  
And stem the gushing torrent's headlong sweep!  
Extatic Maid! accept a willing slave  
In one who owns that name *alone to thee*;  
Who perils multiply'd would cheerly brave,  
To gain the godlike epithet of FREE!  
And whose last sigh, when sinking to the grave,  
Shall breathe his vow renew'd to LIBERTY!

---

## SONNET XXVII.

TO

DEATH.

—  
THIM, ghastly Despot! whose severe decree  
no pray'r can alter, no soft blandish change!  
Those iron sceptre's desolating range  
no ps indiscriminate of rank or tie!  
from thy touch recoils, with sickly fears,  
the giddy youth, whose favour'd vernal form  
hath felt the pressure of no wintry storm;  
bathes thy fiat in regretful tears.  
Not so the wretch, lorn victim of despair,  
cast from Hope, and all her flutt'ring train  
of unborn joys, and expectations fair—  
swoos thy chill embrace with bosom bare;  
deems thine icy clasp, that numbs his vein,  
simple passport from a world of pain!



## SONNET XXVIII.

THE

SOLDIER'S DEPARTURE.

---

How heaves with soften'd swell the manly heart,  
How breathes the sigh, how falls the frequent tear  
Of *him*, from all his bosom treasures dear  
At awful 'uty's summons doom'd to part!  
An hundred times he gives and takes "*farewell!*"  
Then lifts his knapsack with a sorry grace,  
And, ling'ring, plods the path with tardy pace,  
That guides him distant from his native dell!  
And oft he turns him on the steep, *once* more  
With straining eyes to pierce the valley-shade;  
Till lost in mists, the well-lov'd objects fade,  
And the last token of his home is o'er.  
Then, as fond tremors rush upon his mind,  
He cries, "God be with those I leave behind!"

---

## SONNET XXIX.

THE

## SOLDIER'S RETURN.


OH! what bright frolics prank it in his eye,  
With what an airiness he trips the sod,  
As though with foot of gossamer he trod  
On buoyant shadows of the shifting sky!  
A far-glymps'd swell of local sympathies  
Each springing fibre of his soul attach;  
Blue wav'ring wreathes of column'd smoke arise  
With grateful aug'ry from his cottage-thatch.  
Tumultuous joys transport—he runs—he flies—  
His finger trembles on the yielding latch,  
'Son!' 'Husband!' 'Father!' heart-felt, sweet alarms!  
Ah! 'tis his aged sire that hastes to greet;  
'Tis his fond wife that clasps him in her arms;  
'Tis his blythe infant gambols at his feet!

## SONNET XXX.

THE  
HERMIT.

---

THE mountain-ash, dark fir, and low-bough'd larch,  
In close defiance of the soltice ray,  
Inweav'd false midnight at the noon of day,  
And cast deep shadowings o'er the grotto's arch,  
Where dwelt the holy man! A grey-stone seat,  
Moss-wreath'd and worn by time, a leafy bed,  
A warning hour-glass, and a chapless head,  
Were all the treasures of his lone retreat.  
Strict penance shar'd his day with fervent pray'r,  
And when at eve he sank in blameless rest,  
Seraphic visions would sublime his breast,  
And waft his spirit through the realms of air!  
Thus, pure of step, life's mazy path he trod,  
Unknown to man—but SOCIAL WITH HIS GOD!



**ALLAN AND ELLEN:**

**A**

**METRICAL LEGEND.**



## ALLAN AND ELLEN.

---

WHAT wand'ring fire, so pale, so blue,  
Steals flick'ring by yon moulder'd tow'r,  
And wavers o'er the weedy pool,  
Where vap'ry mists of twilight low'r?

Ah! know you not yon moulder'd tow'r,  
All fall'n to ruin and decay,  
Records a castle strong and fair,  
Though now its glory's pass'd away.


Earl BERTRAM rear'd the lofty pile,  
(Whose wreck you only now behold)  
In peace he was a statesman shrewd,  
In war he was a warrior bold.

Fair ELLEN bloom'd his only child,  
And heiress of his vast domain,  
Which stretch'd beyond his gates to where  
Yon mountains dimly skirt the plain.

Not feath'ry flakes of falling snow  
That light within the moon-ray's gleam,  
With half such dazzling whiteness shew,  
As did the front of ELLEN beam.

Twin roses blush'd on either cheek,  
The vi'let claim'd her dark blue eye,  
The cowslip ting'd her yellow hair,  
And all their sweets partook her sigh!

External charms I may pourtray—  
But where shall I expression find,  
To speak the beauties of her heart,  
Or paint the radiance of her mind?




No poor man ever told his tale,  
Or way-worn pilgrim crav'd relief,  
But ELLEN cures on ev'ry want  
Bestow'd, and tears on ev'ry grief.

Both barons bold, and brave sir knights,  
By sighs and vows her love essay'd ;  
But ALLAN only of the throng  
With *love's return* inspir'd the maid.

No splendid race could ALLAN boast,  
And scant his share of fortune's store ;  
His vet'ran sire, when dying, left  
His blessing and his sword—no more !

What though he could not trace his blood  
From noble villaias, curs'd in death ;  
Still was his honour free from taint,  
His fame unsully'd by a breath !






But ah! Earl BERTRAM frown'd on vows,  
Ungrac'd by birth or shining ore;  
He bade the gallant youth begone,  
Nor ever woo his daughter more.

Fair ELLEN vainly wept, and kneel'd,  
Low on the earth for pity pray'd;  
He sternly chid her from his sight,  
She sigh'd, and tremblingly obey'd.

And now the doubtful glooms of night  
In length'ning shadows 'gan to close,  
Sad ELLEN to her chamber sped  
To court oblivion, not repose.

A fearful storm did rage without,  
Loud peals of thunder shook the sky,  
And dimmest darkness veil'd the plain,  
Save when the light'nings glar'd on high!




The sturdy oak, and, hardy pine,  
From earth were by their roots uptorn;  
And lowly shed, and lofty spire,  
' Were in the whirlwind's fury borne.

The blast now rock'd the shaking walls,  
And roar'd around each quiv'ring tow'r,  
When deep the castle-bell toll'd forth,  
With heavy stroke, the midnight hour:

In fervent zeal fair ELLEN pray'd,  
And told her beads, resign'd and meek;  
Yet oft the pearly exiles stray'd,  
In liquid mazes, down her cheek.

On CHRIST's blest form she bent her gaze,  
The hallow'd cross her lips did press;  
Yet oft a sigh, she blush'd to own,  
Would still her vagrant thoughts confess.




While thus she stray'd from God to Man,  
A well-known accent caught her ear,  
And, sinking on her rising heart,  
Thrill'd ev'ry nerve with pleasing fear.

With grief, with joy, with dread, yet hope,  
“ 'Tis he himself, my Love!” she cry'd;  
With trembling haste she drew the bolt,  
And op'd the yielding lattice wide:

The hollow gust swept moaning by,  
The ivy-bough did flap about,  
The owl did hoot upon the tow'r,  
And rain-drops patter'd from the spout:

She cast around a fearful glance,  
The forked light'ning shot by bright,  
And flashing on the rampart-wall,  
Gave ALLAN to her aching sight!



‘ O ELLEN dear !’ he falt’ring cry’d—

‘ Forgive this act of desp’rate love !

‘ Upbraid me not, but let my pangs

‘ Thy gentle heart to pity move.

‘ To-morrow’s dawn I quit this land,

‘ Ah ! never to return again ;

‘ But in some distant clime expire,

‘ Far, far beyond the rolling main.

‘ O ! I could say a thousand things,

‘ And still a million leave to tell ;

‘ Yet ere I go, I only crave

‘ The solace of a last farewell !’

“ A *last* one be’t !” exclaim’d a voice,

Half-drown’d by rage, and boist’rous ire.

Yet ELLEN knew the bloody threat,

And, trembling, knew her bloody sire.

She heard the deadly rapiers clash,  
She heard the deaf'ning murd'rous roar,  
She heard her ALLAN's dying groan—  
Then sank to earth, and heard no more!

Like some sweet flow'r, whose fragile form  
The churlish blast had rudely blown,  
More lovely in her droop she seem'd,  
Unconscious of the grief she'd known.

But ah! too soon oblivion fled—  
Her bosom heav'd a gentle throe,  
She op'd her eyes once more on life,  
And with it on despairing woe.

An unsheath'd sword, all bath'd in blood,  
First met her eyes' unseattl'd roll;  
Remembrance at the sight leap'd up,  
And flash'd its horrors on her soul!

‘ O! heav’nly pow’rs! does ALLAN live?’

Was all her quiv’ring lips could sigh.

Earl BERTRAM catch’d th’ anguish’d sound,

And scowl’d indignant from his eye.

“ Degen’rate wretch! behold this sword!

“ It weeps the caitiff’s heart’s best blood.

“ If for his body thou enquir’st,

“ It floats adown the neighb’ring flood.”

With frenzy’d mien she heard the tale;

Her starting eyes glar’d madly round;

She scream’d a loud, delirious laugh,

Then wildly sprang from off the ground.

She flew along the castle’s halls,

Unstopp’d by bar, by bolt, by grate;

She bounded o’er the draw-bridge fleet,


And rush’d beyond the outer gate.

With breathless speed she hurried on,  
Unstopp'd by thorn, by briar, by wood;  
And leaving all pursuit behind,  
Too soon she reach'd the fatal flood.

Its troubl'd waters curling foam'd  
In black'ning eddies 'gainst the shore,  
And sullen murm'ring as they dash'd,  
Return'd the thunder's distant roar.

The dawn-light trembl'd in the East  
A feeble gleam, on shunning night,  
And glimm'ring o'er the gloomy flood,  
Gave ELLEN death in giving sight!

A pale dead corse, all gash'd with wounds,  
Lay bleeding on its wat'ry bier.  
O GOD! her pangs! when she beheld,  
In that pale corse—her ALLAN dear!



She look'd a thought too big for speech ;  
Then shrieking with convulsive start,  
' O! CHRIST, the Saviour, take my soul!  
' And thou, O ALLAN, take my heart!'

She sprang amid the circling wave,  
And clasp'd her clay-cold love around ;  
Their bodies sank below the tide,  
Their spirits brighter regions found!

Five ages now have well-nigh roll'd,  
Since both in sacred earth were laid ;  
The solemn bell was duly toll'd,  
And pious masses o'er them said.

Yet oft, the hamlet-peasants tell,  
Two shadowy forms are seen to glide  
With printless step o'er yonder dell,  
And mourn along the conscious tide.





And oft a fire, so pale, so blue,  
Steals flick'ring by yon moulder'd tow'r,  
And wavers o'er the weedy pool  
Where vap'ry mists of twilight low'r.

Then, Trav'ler, weep with pitying pain  
The victims of ill-fated love!  
Nor let bold Man on earth arraign  
What gracious God remits above!

---

**Elegy,**

**OCCASIONED BY THE**

**DEATH OF LIEUT. G——,**

**AT MADRAS,**

**AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.**



# Elegy,

OCCASIONED BY THE


DEATH OF LIEUT. G——.

---

IN vain the cheery scenes of mirth I view,  
In vain the notes of merriment I hear;  
Grief tints the prospect with a sable hue,  
And WILLIAM's death-bell rings upon mine ear!

Chill'd is the playful magic of that face,  
Whose smile was sunshine, and irray'd as warm;  
Chill'd the light energies of innate grace,  
That rov'd in symmetry o'er all his form!

Ere manhood's golden dawn my WILLIAM died—  
My WILLIAM? Yes! so will I join his name;  
Though sep'rate shapes our features might divide,  
Our deads, our thoughts were common and the same!



One self-same will our earliest childhood knew ;

*Then* Sympathy our little hands would twine ;

And still, to riper age as childhood grew,

My soul was lodg'd in his, and his in mine.

Through school-tide's busy hour together class'd,

We conn'd in unison the classic book ;

Howe'er the varying course of science pass'd,

Our studies still an equal measure took.

The task when done, and blythe we hied for play,

'Twas ours to urge the ball's elastic bound,

To guide the paper-kite's ærial way,

Or flit the marble through the circling pound.

Sweet hours of sport ! sweet sharer of those hours !

Alas ! for ever is your sweetness gone !

Time, leagu'd with Death, your vernal pride devours ;

And I am left—unsolac'd and alone !




---

Ambition's splendid, but illusive charms,  
Soil'd that white date of thoughtlessness and ease;  
False Fortune beckon'd, in the garb of arms,  
And lur'd the trusting youth o'er Tropic seas.

Fated he went—the death-blast swept the main,  
And smote with perishment the rose of health;  
Long on his spirit prey'd a ling'ring pain,  
Wasting his vital bloom by tardy stealth.

Long on his ocean-path, by Hope refus'd,  
In mournfulness of thought he pin'd the day;  
Deep-sighing haply, oftentimes as he mus'd  
On friends, and home, and kindred—far away!

Wan, frail, and shadowy droop'd his alter'd frame;  
Dim sunk the blue enchantments of his eye;  
Faint and more faint he grew each hour that came,  
Still faintlier faint ere yet that hour went by!



A timeless wreck he languish'd on the wave,  
And reach'd expiringly the promis'd shore;  
A pitying God life's lengthen'd curse forgave,  
And made both wretch and wretchedness—*no more!*

Denied to whiten in their native clay,  
An Indian tomb his English bones receive;  
A torrid sun darts fev'ring beams by day,  
And spicy breezes fan the spot at eve.

Friend of my heart! Friend of my boyish days!  
Grief has no word to tell my grief for thee;  
Nor yet, in all its tongue, one fitting phrase  
To speak that loss which gives grief cause to be!

Could I but paint thy virtues in my strain,  
Might but a transient Muse my breast inspire—  
Yet no! I feel th' unfinish'd wish is vain—  
The hand that *trembles* ne'er can right the lyre!

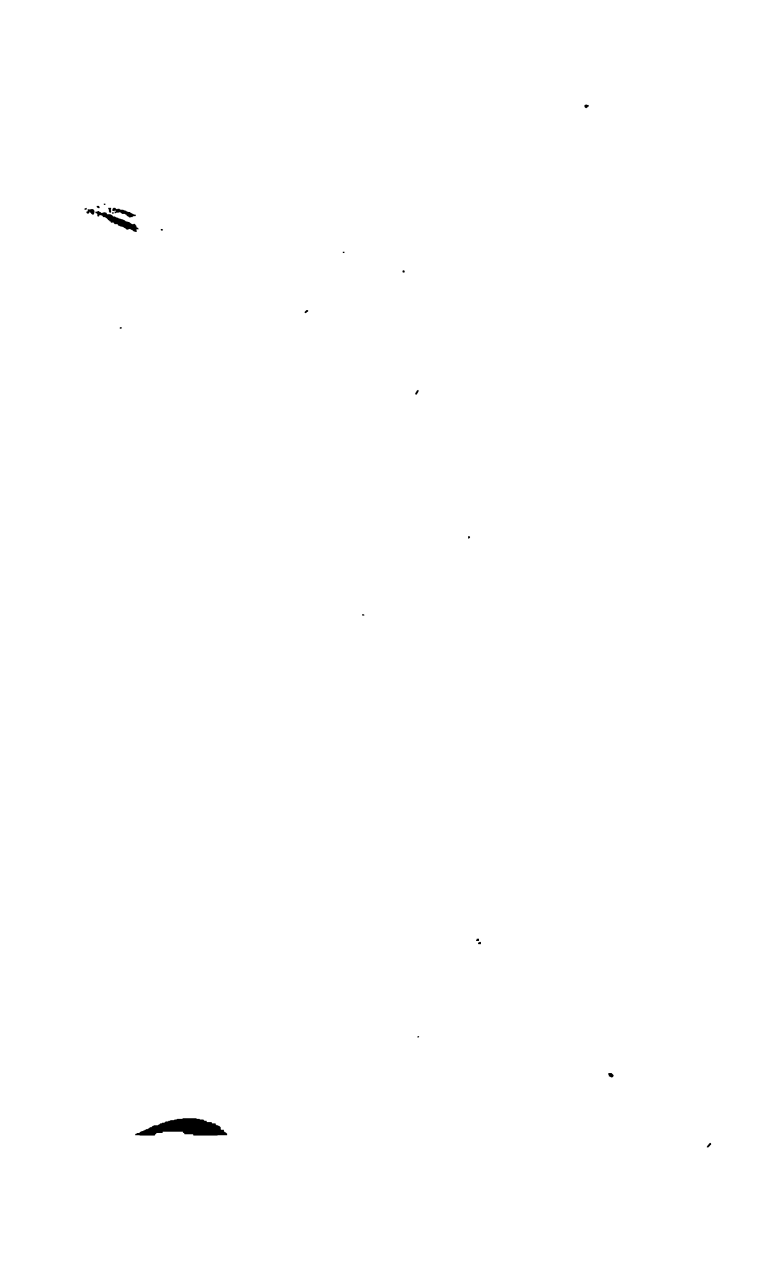
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Though not in song I weave my WILLIAM's fate,  
Nor memorize his worth by deathless pen ;  
Still on a sinner's pray'r if mercy wait,  
His name shall shape my first and last " Amen !"

If e'er his deed transgress'd in thoughtless mirth,  
Be the soft error by his Judge forgiv'n !  
And those delights he lov'd to give on earth,  
Immortal and sublim'd, be his in Heav'n !

---






TO

ROSA-MARIA.

---

WHAT melting witchery of syren sound  
Sublimes the wafting breeze with swell profound,  
Attuning blessed spells of sweetest force,  
And charming Nature from her wonted course?  
It doth a rapture to my inmost soul convey,  
More keen and sensitive than Phoebus' ray  
Wakes in his constant flow'r, when rising bright  
He floods his brilliance on her longing sight!  
Ah! 'tis my ROSA pours her liquid lay!  
How soft it cadences, then dies away;  
And now, in numbers *deeply-sweet* again,  
I catch the linger of its floating strain.  
She deigns her dulcet sorcery prolong,  
And charm a MORTAL with a GODLIKE song!




Oh, potent melody! its accents steal  
Ev'n to my secret heart, too home a feel;  
My senses soft infatuation drink,  
That forms a *vortex*, where absorb'd they sink!  
Impulsive Fancy, wild and unconfin'd,  
Reigns a free despot o'er my captive mind;  
With cunning hand she holds the mental glass,  
And glorious shews in swift succession pass:  
From ev'ry point a burst of splendour beams,  
From ev'ry point a show'r of radiance streams.  
My worshipp'd Rosa's imag'd form I view,  
More bright than she whom Grecian XEUXIS drew,  
When from each fair her loveliest charm he stole  
To frame from all—one faultless, perfect WHOLE!  
She sits on high Parnassus' proudest cone,  
The sacred Nine with bay-wreaths strew her throne,  
And wond'ring, pant a sister-muse to own! }  
Fleet o'er the lyre her sweeping fingers rove,  
And thrill the golden chords with themes of love.  
What polish'd symmetry her shape displays,  
What milden'd majesty her brow pourtrays!

---

How fall her glossy ringlets unrepres,  
And shade the whiteness of her marble breast!  
What friendly rivalries her cheek doth shew,  
Like valley-roses dropp'd on mountain-snow!  
And as the nymph her minstrel-finger flings  
With rapid grace amid the vocal strings,  
Round her soft touches plays cœlestial fire,  
AND LAUGHING LOVES HANG CLUSTER'D O'ER THE  
LYRE!

But ah! my visionary Heaven fades,  
Stern Reason's ruthless hand the dream invades,  
And all the garish image melts away,  
Like morning-mist before the star of day!  
Yet, ROSA! e'en in hour of worst distress  
Thy pictur'd form my constant thought shall bless,  
Shall sweetly bid tumultuous passions cease,  
And calm them down to quietude and peace.  
Nay, should a wayward fate compel me fly  
To brave the rigours of an Arctic sky,  
E'en there, where everlasting midnight reigns,  
And never sunshine gilds the darksome plains,



On *thy* bright form my mind's fixt eye should gaze,  
And drink a beam beyond the noontide blaze.  
Should numbning colds my chilly pulse beguile,  
I'd bid th' extatic vision *fondly smile*;  
Through ev'ry vein would liquid ardours flow,  
And life resuscitate with trickling glow !

---

TO


ROSA-MARIA.

---

**N**YMPH of the Lesbian lyre! while yet thy strain  
Thrill'd in my heart a sweetly-sadd'ning pain;  
At Eve's dim fall, as sunset's last slope-ray  
Paus'd, ere it roll'd to southern climes away,  
In loneliness I rov'd the silent green,  
Beheld dense-brooding horrors gloom the scene  
With eye of welcome; and as Sorrow's bird  
To pour her vocal griefs unseen was heard,  
In saddest sympathy I bent to list.  
Or where, through floating clouds of shadowy mist,  
The soften'd moonlight o'er the willow'd stream  
Scatter'd its tremulous inconstant beam,  
I pensive stray'd, to sooth my mournful mood,  
And with *unbidden* tears increas'd the flood!

Till worn and wearied with distress of mind,  
On the stream's sedgy brink I sank reclin'd ;  
Oblivious slumbers steep'd my tortur'd soul,  
And hush'd my senses to their soft controul;  
Still cruel fantasies denied me rest,  
And though mine *eye-lids* slept—awak'd my *breast!*

Methought I wander'd in some nightshade grove,  
Where coo'd in agony the dying dove ;  
Foul harpies hover'd in the tainted air,  
Making on faithful hearts their bleeding fare ;  
Dread forms and lucid shapes alarm'd my sight,  
But half-reveal'd by partial gleams of light ;  
At ev'ry turn some captive spirit sigh'd,  
And phantoms seem'd to flit, and spectres glide !  
At length, by many a wind of darkest low'r,  
I gain'd the centre of the haunted bow'r :  
There, swaying in the night-storm to and fro,  
A baleful UPAS wav'd its deadly bough ;  
Perdition'd bev'rage hung on ev'ry leaf,  
And dropp'd a remedy for hopeless grief!



Thick oozing venom clogg'd the glut'nous rind,  
Black snakes convolv'd, and hissing adders twin'd !  
Beneath its fatal, desolating shade,  
In colourless and tatter'd vest array'd,  
Drinking the murd'rous juices as they fell,  
Was seen the loathly witch—first-born of hell,  
With yellow shrivell'd cheek, and em'rald eye,  
The haggard monster-queen—fell JEALOUSY !  
As I approach'd, she broke her moody trance,  
A savage joy flash'd in her with'ring glance :  
“ Welcome !” she cried, “ thou fond, believing youth,  
“ Who dar'd confide in changeful woman's truth.  
“ Welcome, CASTALIO, to my haunts forlorn !  
“ Here, with unceasing pangs, thine error mourn ;  
“ For know,” (she smil'd with curst malignant sneer,  
And loudly shriek'd upon my frightened ear)  
“ All the fond visions of thy love are o'er,  
“ *Rosa-Maria bids thee dear no more !*”

Chas'd by the fancy'd threat, my slumbers fled,  
With fitful start I rais'd my fever'd head—



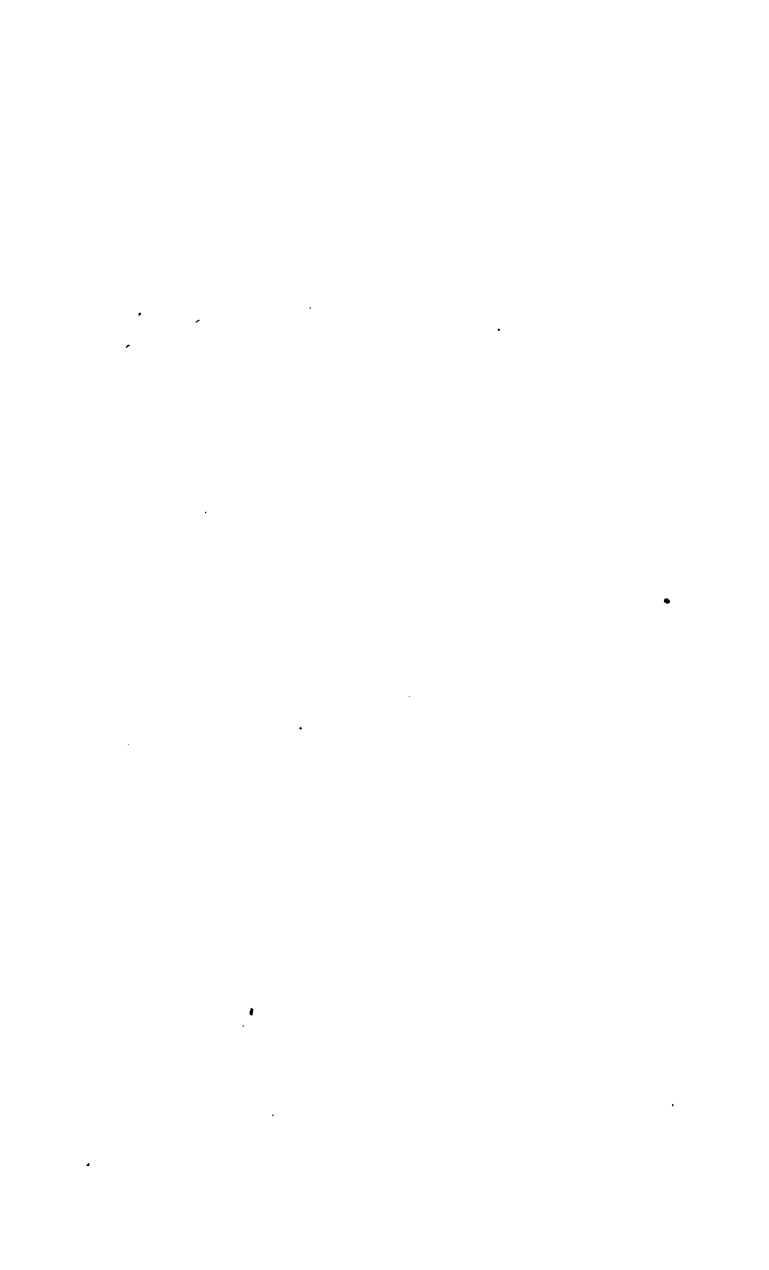
Fresh on my cheek the airs of midnight play'd,  
Cool at my feet the rippling riv'let stray'd;  
So deep th' impression *yet*, I scarce could deem  
The fearful past was, but an airy dream;  
For ah! my *waking* thoughts the self-same tale  
Caught in the mutter of each moaning gale;  
Mysterious shadows darken'd all the glade—  
LOVE'S CURFEW toll'd along the *real* shade;  
Sad aug'ries rippl'd on the water's edge,  
While viewless Naiads, lurking 'mid the sedge,  
In frequent whispers parley'd with the tide,  
And "ROSA'S false!" in choral murmur sigh'd;  
Responsive echoes wafted back the sound,  
And "ROSA'S false!" was breath'd from all around!

Joy of my life, ah! quell the rising throb  
Of jaundic'd doubt, that would my bosom rob  
For ever of its native flow'r of peace,  
And plant with fest'ring thorns of slow disease.  
Retune thy soothing lyre, and exile thence  
Man's worst tormentor—the dark fiend, *Suspence!*

---

So shall the noble mercies of thy song  
Confirm my cherish'd bondage trebly strong;  
And ah! so well I love her myrtl'd chain,  
That should my Rosa set me free again,  
I'd spurn, despis'd, the liberty she gave,  
And pant and pine to be once more—*her slave!*

---



**Stanzas,**

**WRITTEN**

**ON ST. VALENTINE'S-DAY,**

**ADDRESSED TO**

**ROSA-MARIA.**



## STANZAS

WRITTEN


ON ST. VALENTINE'S-DAY.

---

THIS is the day, to lovers dear,  
When artless passions shine,  
When each fond youth selects a fair  
To be his Valentine!

But where shall *I* a mistress find  
To grace a vow like *mine*;  
To calm with smiles my troubl'd mind,  
And be my Valentine?

To thee, bright Maid! I lowly bend,  
With rev'rence as divine;  
To thee my humble vows ascend—  
My only Valentine!




Ah! yet be still, thou *circled* heart,  
Nor break thy hallow'd line;  
No wild aspiring thoughts impart,  
T' offend my Valentine.

To breathe my ardent tale I fear,  
Or bashful doubts resign;  
For as she's beauteous, so severe  
Can be my Valentine.

Then let me not her rigour prove,  
In secret sadness pine;  
Nor dare, with bold presumptuous love,  
Alarm my Valentine.

My grief untold, I'll meekly kneel  
At Resignation's shrine,  
That ne'er the rankling shaft I feel  
May wound my Valentine!



---

That ne'er may love invade her breast  
With mischievous design,  
Or steal away her balmy rest  
From my sweet Valentine.

Then will she never heed disdain,  
At cruel slights repine;  
Or know the life-consuming pain  
That racks her Valentine!

Ambrosial fragrance round her breathe  
Of summer's jessamine;  
And spring-tide flow'rets quaintly wreath,  
To deck my Valentine!

Her brow fair lilies garland round,  
And dew-bath'd roses twine;  
But let no lurking *thorn* be found  
To pierce my Valentine!




Then as she shuns the noon-tide ray,  
Where perfum'd shades incline;  
Some roving thoughts may haply stray,  
And muse on Valentine!

But ah! cold fair, thy breast *too late*  
May rigid scorn decline,  
And Death have wing'd the dart of fate  
Toward thy Valentine.

Yet soft remorse (though vain to save)  
With pangs may expiate mine;  
And Pity whisper, "Seek the grave,  
"Where sleeps thy Valentine!"

Perchance her step may press the glade,  
Where widow'd ring-doves pine;  
And blighted myrtles droop their shade,  
And mourn o'er Valentine.



Ah! should *one* tear, to grace my doom,  
In liquid silver shine—  
My raptur'd shade would rift the tomb  
To thank my Valentine!

And though inspher'd beyond the sky,  
'Mid seraph-bands divine,  
E'en still my constant ghost would sigh—  
'Till join'd by Valentine!

---



# Elegiac Stanzas;

ADDRESSED TO  
V I O L U S.

---

FRAIL fev'rish heart! why heaves that rebel sigh,  
Chasing the silence of my slumb'ring woe?  
Why springs this vital ardour to mine eye,  
Bidding afresh grief's frozen current flow?

Heart! I had deem'd thy feeling spirit gone,  
Its nerve all broken, and its passions fled;  
That desp'rate Apathy had rear'd her throne  
On the dark grave, where *Love and Hope lie dead!*

Oh! these emotions speak, "the thought was vain!"  
A stranger minstrel sounds the fatal string—  
One little note recalls my banish'd pain,  
And gifts affliction with a second spring.

Yes, VIOLUS! the music of thy touch  
Strikes with home contact on reposing sense;  
Rouses it *trembling* from its mental couch,  
And drives the day-dreams of delusion thence.

I list the soft confessions of thy plaint,  
And hear those pangs defin'd *myself* have known;  
I view the injur'd wretch, thy wrongs would paint,  
And conscious claim the portrait for *my own*!

Then should thy burden'd breast imbibe relief,  
To feel it is not singular in pain;  
Ah! know *this* heart can count thee grief for grief,  
And still have left—to count *thee* o'er again!

---

## BALLAD.

---

THE night was dark, the rain did pour,  
And bitterly did blow the wind;  
A sad youth at a fair maid's door,  
Willows wreathing,  
Deep sighs breathing,  
All on the cold damp earth reclin'd:

“ Ah ! canst thou hear thy true-love sigh,  
“ And canst thou cruel bid him mourn?  
“ Lo ! at thy door he's come to die,  
“ Willow wearing,  
“ All despairing,  
“ Unable t' endure thy scorn!

“ No heart so hard, save only thine,  
“ But melts when I my griefs relate;  
“ The very willow-trees incline,  
“ Hear my ditty,  
“ Weep in pity,  
“ And droop their heads and mourn my fate.

“ Around my form the bleak gust sweeps,  
“ The night-storm drenches where I lie,  
“ A chilly faintness o’er me creeps;  
“ Tears are flowing,  
“ Life is going,  
“ Take pity, Maid, or else I die !

“ Alas ! my hours have run their date,  
“ The hand of Death is on my breast;  
“ Thy cruel heart hath doom’d my fate,  
“ Yet while living  
“ Thee forgiving,  
“ I crave alone *this poor request*;

---

“ One sorrowing tear my passion give,  
“ When dead I’m found beside thy door;  
“ And let me in thy bosom live,  
“ Mem’ry leading  
“ Mercy pleading,  
“ When love and life shall *both* be o’er!”

No more he said, but droop’d his head,  
The death-films glaz’d his dimning eye;  
His spirit from its mansion fled,  
Unrevealing,  
Silent stealing,  
And breath’d its flight in one short sigh!


Now, where his cold remains are laid,  
Her sad song coos the turtle-dove,  
And willows hang their pendent shade,  
Fondly weeping  
Where he’s sleeping,  
Record—THE YOUTH WHO DIED FOR LOVE!



## CANZONET.

---

•  
WHEN the dawn, with touch of roses,  
Doffs aside her shadowy veil,  
Ev'ry folded plant discloses  
Hoarded fragrance o'er the dale;  
Frolic zephyr wanders, sipping  
Virgin odours through each bow'r,  
And the liquid perfumes dripping  
From the petals of each flow'r.  
Oh! how sweet that gale to prove,  
'Tis the BREATH of *her I love!*



When the noon-tide warmth diffusing  
Scorching vapours in the air,  
Faded herbs, their vigour losing,  
Droop beneath the sultry glare;  
Sol, with lambent glory streaming,  
Pours from his meridian height  
Golden fires too vivid beaming---  
Flame the heart, and blind the sight.  
Oh! that ray I dare not prove,  
'Tis the EYE of *her I love!*

When soft Even, coyly peeping,  
Steals her inobtrusive reign,  
Nature hangs dejected, weeping  
Silv'ry sorrows o'er the plain:  
Lightly through the pale horizon  
Feather'd poets wing their way,  
Hymning oft a wild benizon,  
Floated long in choral lay.  
Oh! the bliss that sound to prove,  
'Tis the VOICE of *her I love!*

When black Night, her orgies keeping,  
Shrouds in deepest gloom the skies,  
Subtle slumber hovers, steeping  
Poppy'd spells in mortal eyes;  
*Then*, bright fancy's films unfolding,  
All her lucid haunts display;  
Visions then of *mina's* beholding,  
Ev'n of *night* create a *day*!  
Oh! what joy that dream to prove,  
'Tis the SMILE of *ber I love*!

---

## BALLAD.

---

BESIDE the raving ocean,  
A love-lorn damsel stray'd;  
Its wave, with circling motion,  
Around her footsteps play'd:  
Her robe was rent and shatter'd,  
And loosely flow'd her vest;  
'Time-faded flow'rs were scatter'd  
In garlands o'er her breast.

Inworn by love's distresses,  
Her cheek was deadly pale;  
Unbound her flaxen tresses  
Stream'd idly to the gale.

Her bosom heav'd with anguish,  
Her blue eye swam in pain,  
And pour'd its azure languish,  
Desponsive o'er the main.

“ Wild winds! no more I sue ye,  
(The plaintive mourner sigh'd)

“ Rude seas! no more I woo ye,

“ To soothe your turbid tide;

“ For oh! your rage has 'reft me

“ Of all this soul held dear;

“ A widow'd wretch has left me

“ To drop the fruitless tear;

“ A homeless, friendless wailer,

“ To call on Hope in vain—

“ For ah! my gallant Sailor


“ Lies cold beneath the main!


“ His country's cause he battl'd,

“ With triumph on the sea,

“ Where cannons loudest rattl'd—

“ To peril blind was he!



- 
- “ The hostile fires forbearing  
    “ Swept harmless round his form;  
“ But what the *fight* was sparing,  
    “ Was murder’d by the *storm*.  
“ No sculptur’d pile of glory  
    “ Shall speak the hero’s fame;  
“ No page in martial story  
    “ Shall chronicle his name!  
  
“ But where that form is lying,  
    “ Shall howl the foamy surge,  
“ And dusky sea-fowl flying  
    “ Shall shriek the fun’ral dirge!  
“ Oh! why was I created?  
    “ Oh! why a victim born?  
“ From birth to mis’ry fated,  
    “ Of all life’s solace lorn!  
  
“ In this sad breast the morrow  
    “ Awakes no active care;  
“ Thy day is dark with sorrow,  
    “ And clouded by despair!
- 

“ In vain the yellow morning

“ Looks laughing o’er the lea ;

“ *My* eyes are dim with mourning,

“ It beams no smile on *me* !

“ When Joy’s bright daughters slumber,

“ These wave-wash’d bounds I reach,

“ And with a tear-drop number

“ Each sand that paves the beach ;

“ Then chaunt some mournful ditty

“ In broken accents faint,

“ Till Echo sighs in pity,

“ And answers to my plaint.

“ But soon will life be over,

“ These pangs for ever sleep ;

“ And I rejoin my lover,

“ Embosom’d in the deep.

“ Yon golden orb, that sinking

“ Illumes the rosy west,

“ Ere ocean’s waters drinking,

“ Shall view my griefs at rest !

---

“ This frail heart, worn with aching,

“ Can bear its load no more ;

“ Its fibres *now* are breaking,

“ Its suff’rings well nigh o’er.

“ Then be this rock my pillow,

“ That eating waves consume ;

“ And swift the rising billow

“ Shall waft me to my tomb !”

No more the damsel utter’d,

But laid her down to die ;

Her gentle spirit flutter’d,

Escaping in a *sigh* !

The billows wildly foaming,

Rose cloth’d in silv’ry spray,

And moan’d—when backward roaming,

*They swept her form away !*

---



FRAGMENT  
IN  
BLANK VERSE.

---

'TIS here three cross-roads meet—  
Observe that stake! 'Twas in the midway plac'd,  
Through bigot prejudice of narrow minds,  
To draw the glance abhorrent, and the scoff  
From vulgar passengers. It marks the grave  
Of one self-slaughter'd! Miserable wretch!  
He was a hapless, hopeless man—outcast  
From social joys, and converse with his kind!  
The shepherd-boys were wont to call him *craz'd*,  
And jeer his wretchedness with mockeries  
And hooted taunts, whene'er at hunger's pinch

---

He sought the farmhouse-yard, or cottage door,  
To snatch that sustenance which nature craves !  
The live-long day, alone, through wilds and woods  
To wander, was his melancholy joy ;  
No bias or design to shape his course,  
But ranging wide at random—with rude hand  
Rending the wild flow'rs from their humble beds,  
Or crushing their sweet youth with furious foot,  
Unwitting what he did !

And yet methinks

It was not with him alway thus. Full oft  
At night I've known him climb yon shaggy cliff,  
Whose lonesome brow upon the shadow'd stream  
Frowns imminent, there would he pause awhile  
In vacant calmness, idling with his gaze ;  
Then, with convulsive suddenness, he'd start,  
As though some keen remembrance arrow'd on  
His slumb'ring soul, and just so much return'd  
Of *barb'rous* sense as made him *feel his griefs* !  
Till the big tear of conscious wretchedness  
Glaz'd his dim eye, and stole its channel'd course

Down his pale cheek, on which the moonlight fell,  
Making it seem yet paler!

Ah, that cliff!

One fatal night, as wont he sought its brow,  
The tempest raving o'er the blacken'd scene,  
Congenial rais'd *his bosom'd storm within*,  
Frown'd on by Hope, and tempted by Despair—  
Unseen, unheard, he leap'd the dizzy height,  
And gave his sorrows to the wave beneath!  
Peace to his soul! he left no means behind  
To charm opinion with a *gilded spell*;  
So, what in rich-ones would have been but *chance*,  
In him was *crime*! Men call'd him SUICIDE!  
They laid his body in this common spot,  
Unsanctify'd by holy rite or pray'r;  
Profan'd his name, revil'd his memory,  
And clos'd the sod with curses and with hate—  
Posthumous curses! Hate beyond the grave!  
This very stake I touch—ALMIGHTY GOD!—  
THIS STAKE WAS ROOTED IN A HUMAN BREAST!

---

Yet they who had the savage heart to act  
These savage deeds, themselves and actions both  
Stile *Christian*! Holy epithet blasphem'd.  
O vain, most vain of soul are such who deem,  
By persecution, tyranny, and mood  
Of unrelenting sternness, that they use  
The blest and blessing dogmas of that faith  
Whose chiefest essence breathes, of spirit pure,  
Love universal—dove-like peace to all,  
And charity for him that sins!

---

**Elegy,**  
**ON A**  
**SUN-FLOWER.**

**WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF A DAY OF EXTREME  
SULTRINESS.**

---

**WITH** weary step the languid shepherd wends,  
O'er arid meads, to pen the shelt'ring fold;  
The beam of final day fleet downward bends,  
And drops the purple west with **LIVING GOLD!**

Grey Twilight, veil'd in shadow, speeds her car,  
Drawn on by bats, down Æther's blue concave,  
Invokes the rising of her lover-star  
And meets fond Hesper's glance above the wave.

---

Exhausted Nature, (breathless late through fear  
Of blazing death from parricidal fires)  
Resuscitating sighs, and sheds the tear  
On sympathising earth, that joy inspires.

To catch its fall, the prostrate floral train  
Exalt each thirsty bell and fever'd leaf;  
Once more, in glist'ning pride, o'ertower the plain,  
And drink, with perfum'd lips, the balmy grief.

But ONE sad plant, in proudest lustre spread,  
Rejects the vital draught with mournful scorn!  
Ah! wherefore, Clytië, drops thy radiant head,  
And bends thy lofty shape to earth forlorn?

Few hours, as yet, have fill'd their circling date,  
Since, while the light-blush ting'd the dawnal grey,  
I view'd thee rear thy crest, with bliss elate,  
And gloat extatic on the birth of Day!

And later still, when Noon's malefic breath  
Absorb'd the *being* of each meaner flow'r,  
And vegetation round thee sank in death,  
Thou singly TRIUMPH'ST in the fatal hour!

IMPERIAL PLANT ! thou dauntless brav'st the light,  
That stream'd excessive from the kindl'd sky,  
Gav'st thy full bosom to Hyperion's sight,  
And drank'st the flames that darted from his eye.

Still on thy gilded breast some rays remain,  
(Bequeath'd memorials of the absent God)  
They bid thee dash from thence, with high disdain,  
Eve's sullyng tear, to wet the humbler sod.

But now, alas ! thine idol-orb hath fled  
To beam on Indian shees\* more gaily bright,  
Hath left thee, widow'd thing, to hang thy head,  
And mourn, unheeded, through the shades of night.

---

\* The sun-flower is supposed to obtain, on the banks of the Indus,  
a lustrous magnitude beyond that of any other clime.

---

O Clytië! he whose conscious heart hath lov'd,  
Inur'd to pain, and tender misery,  
By all those agonies *himself* hath prov'd,  
Can guess the kindred pangs that prey on *thee*.

And oft at night his sympathetic care  
Shall screen thy am'rous griefs from rival eyes,  
And soften, with a *sigb*, the churlish air,  
Till Love and Light from yonder East arise!

---



L I N E S

ON A

WREATH OF FLOWERS.

---

BEHOLD this wreath that weeps with dew  
MATILDA's hand its graces wove  
With breathing buds of chastest hue—  
Soft symbols of unsully'd love!

This very hour—this dawnal hour,  
Her faëry fingers fram'd the braid,  
And rift'd all the bloomy bow'r  
That blush'd within its lattic'd shade.

Lo! here th' unspotted lily shines,  
Her silky leaves in silver drest ;  
Lo! here the pliant jasmine twines,  
The snow-drop hangs her pencill'd crest!

Here damask-roses blend their hue,  
Where soft mimosas perfume shed ;  
The vi'let melts her soul in blue,  
And heart's-ease peeps her motley head.

In scent, or dye, no faulty flow'r  
The liveliest nerves of sense can meet ;  
These were the fav'rites of the bow'r,  
And bloom'd—*the sweetest of the sweet!*


The sun now melts with ardent ray  
Those crystal drops that mantle cold,  
Full on the wreath his lustres play,  
And dress each humid leaf in gold!

But ah ! before his aged beam  
Reclines upon the pillowing west,  
How alter'd will those lost-ones seem,  
Whose loveliness his youth carest !

While rivals triumph o'er the glade,  
*These* flow'rs will languish in decay,  
And all their little glories fade,  
Till life itself shall steal away.

So fades the wreath the Muses frame  
To bind the youthful Poet's brow ;  
Awhile 'tis gilt with beams of fame,  
And gains the public's fickle bow ;

But brief its smiles of favour last,  
(Resembling true *this* short-liv'd flow'r)  
One sun beholds it come and past,  
The transient idol of an hour !



---

Yet happier thou, O *simple* wreath !  
In Nature's course *thy* glory flies ;  
Dark ENVIES on the LAUREL breathe,  
And lo, *in agony* it dies !

Then nor these fleeting flow'rs be mine,  
Nor poësy's still vainer crown ;  
But let young Hope a chaplet twine,  
That Love may kiss, that Peace may own !

---

O D E,

WRITTEN ON THE

MURDER OF LOUIS XVI.

OF FRANCE.

---

WHERE blasted yew-trees knit their gloom,  
From charnel spoil'd and ransack'd tomb,  
On human skulls, in horrid state,  
The FATAL SISTERS mutt'ring sate;  
Affrighting oft the peaceful night  
With foul, unseemly, sinful rite;  
Their cauldron stor'd with matter fell,  
And lit with deadly brands from Hell!  
When through the shade a swarthy dæmon broke,  
And thus, in rapid phrase, the monstrous hag bespoke:

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“ Rejoice! rejoice! the deed is done,  
“ Gone, gone, and dead is *CAPET*’s son;  
“ The *BOURBON*-star, that shone so bright,  
“ Looks pale, and dims its native light;  
“ The lily droops its sickly head,  
“ And fades, and shrinks, and turns to *red*.  
“ The cross of *CHRIST* is beaten down,  
“ With kingly sceptre, throne, and crown;  
“ The blushing scaffold weeps with royal blood,  
“ And thousand meaner veins increase the crimson  
“ flood!

“ Ah! hear ye not that shriek, that groan?  
“ Shout, Beldames! ’tis the deep heart-moan  
“ Of orphan’d Prince, and widow’d Queen!  
“ Such music well attunes the scene—  
“ See! Murder, with his poignard bare!  
“ Mark, how his sated eye-balls glare!  
“ His shaggy locks a-clot with gore—  
“ Though drunk with blood, he thirsts for more!

“ Lo! now he rears aloft his reeking hand,  
“ The VIRTUES shriek—and trembling, weeping, fly the  
“ land!

“ Pale Pity, with her palest look;  
“ Firm Truth, by all her sons forsook;  
“ Bright Honour, with indignant eye;  
“ Meek Faith, and blushing Charity;  
“ And Justice, that was never sold,  
“ The balance beaten from her hold—  
“ She harks the shout of ruthless might,  
“ And thanks the GOD who lack'd her *sight*!  
“ Outcasts! they quit the dark rebellious coast,  
“ And hide their ruin'd heads with LOUIS' timeless ghost!

“ Rejoice! for now the deed is done,  
“ Devoted nation thou art won;  
“ The fatal, final die is thrown,  
“ And all the mighty stake's *our own*.  
“ Thus, France, upon thy purchas'd clime  
“ I deal the certain PRICE OF CRIME!




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“ O'er all its pride shall ruin spread,  
“ Gaunt Famine rear his wither'd head ;  
“ And wide and deep the fiend of Civil-War  
“ In seas of kindred blood allay his smoking car !

“ Perverted Zeal's infectious breath  
“ Shall blow the reckless blast of death ;  
“ The son shall fall before the sire,  
“ The father by his child expire ;  
“ The brother 'gainst the brother turn ;  
“ The female eye with fury burn ;  
“ The social bands of love be torn,  
“ And wedlock fall—the mark of scorn ;  
“ While bloated Folly apes the Monarch's nod,  
“ And owl-ey'd Atheists rave by DAY, and curse their God ?

“ Rejoice, ye Hags! and swift away,  
“ Ere dawns the curst forbidden day,  
“ To soothe with sport, and strange delight,  
“ Our native realms of woe and night !”





He said; the SISTERS waver'd round  
And madly kiss'd th' unholy ground;  
Each SHE, in mystic mutters, pray'd,  
And each an uncooth antic made;  
Then, sorely-smiting, cleav'd the groaning earth,  
And sought Hell's darkling depth with shouts of frantic  
mirth!

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**LORENZO AND ROSELLA;**

**A TALE, IN STANZA.**

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including the names of the authors and the titles of the works.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and titles, including the names of the authors and the titles of the works.

## LORENZO AND ROSELLA.

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DOWN Arno's\* silv'ry wave LORENZO hied;  
The stream was strong,  
And stout and long,  
With toiling arm the heavy oar he plied.

The midnight Moon, full-orb'd in cloudless ray,  
Smil'd clear and bright,  
And gave her light  
To guide the lover on his wat'ry way.

---


\* A lovely river, that fills its urn amid the snows of Mount Appenine, and directs its fertilizing current through the ever-blooming vales of Tuscany.

Where old ROSALVA's tow'rs and garden-wall  
O'ershadow'd wide  
The darken'd tide,  
And flow'ring chesnuts wav'd, and poplars tall,

LORENZO paus'd—and stilly dropp'd his oar;  
He catch'd no sound,  
'Twas hush around,  
And silence equal reign'd on stream and shore!

High o'er the wall breath'd sweet a lattic'd bow'r,  
By myrtle bound,  
And orange crown'd,  
With bands of golden fruit and fragrant flow'r.

Neath *there* he paus'd, a prey to am'rous pain;  
He rais'd his eye,  
And breath'd a sigh,  
But no *responsive* sigh was breath'd again.




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Anxious he loiter'd long, yet all was mute;  
    Then soft essay'd  
    A serenade,  
And wak'd, with trembling touch, the vocal lute.

He fill'd the wand'ring breeze with minstrel art,  
    And strove to paint,  
    In mournful plaint,  
The pang severe that rack'd his faithful heart.

Wild o'er the rippling tide sad murmurs float,  
    The nightingale  
    Forgets her tale,  
And lists, with envy, to a sweeter note!

While yet the cadence thrill'd, with steps of fear,  
    A lovely Maid  
    Broke through the shade,  
And dropp'd these accents on LORENZO's ear :



“ Oh ! haste, thou truest lover, hie thee hence !

“ Make no delay,

“ But speed thy way,

“ And ease my bosom from its dread suspense !

“ My jealous kinsmen scorn our vows of faith,

“ With deadly hate

“ They seek thy fate,

“ And swear thy life-blood shall appease their wrath !”

“ Belov’d ROSELLA ! why this vain alarm ?

“ I scorn their rage,

“ And dare engage

“ Their twenty rapiers with this single arm !

“ Nor need I *that*—bright maid dispel thy fear,

“ For Arno’s tide

“ Is deep and wide,

“ No dark stiletto can assail me *here*.



---

‘ Then, mistress mine, relent and bid me stay;

‘ Devote the hour

‘ To love’s soft pow’r,

‘ And own the tremours of no ruder sway!’

“ In vain, LORENZO, fall thy honey’d words;

“ My fancy warm

“ Pourtrays thy form,

“ Gash’d and expiring by my kinsmen’s swords.

“ Oh! think how horrible to see thee die!

“ To hear thee groan

“ Thy last death-moan—

“ Ah! dear LORENZO, *if thou lov’st me, fly!*”

‘ Enough, I yield; yet, fair one, ere I move,

‘ Let thy sweet voice

‘ My soul rejoice,

‘ And say—LORENZO is thy only love!



“ Conclude it said—and swift as thought depart !

“ E’en now I hear

“ A rustling near,

“ That chills the vital current in my heart.”

‘ Nay, fear not, gentle love ! ’tis but the breeze

‘ That soft invades

‘ Yon myrtle-shades,

‘ And shakes the blossoms from the orange-trees.

‘ Still let me pause, and gaze upon those eyes,

‘ Whose liquid blue

‘ Looks soft as dew,

‘ And shames the azure of yon starry skies.’

“ Obdurate man ! I do conjure thee go !

“ Beside yon tree

“ The shades I see

“ Of plumes and mantles waving to and fro.”



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‘ Queen of my heart! ’tis but the false moon-beam,  
    ‘ Whose checquer’d light  
    ‘ Deceives thy sight,  
‘ And makes unreal things as true ones seem.

‘ A few brief moments longer let me stay,  
    ‘ Theme with my tale  
    ‘ The passing gale,  
‘ And in thy smiles anticipate the day!’

“ Swift! swift! thou lost one, hence! no longer doubt;  
    “ See! torches flare,  
    “ And hark, the air  
“ Is rent with murder’s preparation-shout!

“ Now near and nearer spreads the wild alarm—  
    “ Away! away!  
    “ ’Tis death to stay!  
“ Have mercy, JESU! shield my love from harm!”

Too late his oar the luckless lover ply'd ;  
For torches flar'd,  
And weapons glar'd,  
And death hung imminent o'er Arno's tide!

As in defiance peer'd the dauntless youth,  
From the base crew  
An arrow flew,  
And pierc'd his heart—*poor ruin'd home of Truth!*

With agony he writh'd, yet smil'd disdain;  
While o'er his face,  
In varying chace,  
Shot the wild enmities of scorn and pain!

With deathful force he breath'd ROSELLA's name,  
Then pluck'd the dart  
Red from his heart,  
And burst his soul indignant from its frame!



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Ah! whose that voice of woe, that rent the air,  
In frantic cries  
Assail'd the skies,  
And deafen'd Nature with its shriek'd despair?

'Twas LOST ROSELLA'S! "Barbarous men!" she cried,  
"For this foul deed  
"May curses speed,  
"And black perdition your best hopes betide!

"Look on that murder'd form—'tis bath'd in gore;  
"Arno! thy flood  
"Is stain'd with blood,  
"The blood of INNOCENCE pollutes thy shore!

"Condemned men! on your devoted heads  
"That blood shall fall,  
"And loudly call  
"For dreadful vengeance on your *dying beds!*

“ Then, sinners, *then* yon bleeding form shall rise !

“ In thunder tell

“ The pains of hell,

“ And blast the mercy from your closing eyes !

“ Hark ! my LORENZO calls, his voice I hear !

“ Pale in his shroud

“ He rides yon cloud,

“ And waves his hand, and bids me join him there.

“ Sweet love, I come !” then wildly from her vest

A poignard drew,

Of gleaming hue,

And sheath'd it *life-deep* in her panting breast.

“ Now, proud-ones, view your house's pride undone !

“ Its glory flies,

“ Its honour dies,

“ ROSELLA scorns to live, when Hope is gone !”



Awhile she tower'd with bold exultant air :

Then, as life sped,

Meek droop'd her head,

Cross'd her pale arms, AND STOLE TO HEAV'N IN PRAY'R!

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THE

**RUINS OF FARLEY:**

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL. 60637

100


THE

RUINS OF FARLEY.

---

**AUGUST** Remains of rampart, fosse, and tow'r!  
Mute Moralists on pride of human pow'r!  
O'er rock abrupt, and wild romantic glade,  
Through wood inweav'd, and dark primæval shade,  
I clue your lonely scite, and now behold  
Its ample majesty frown full and bold:  
Set its sun of triumph—flown the days  
That bask'd with splendour, in whose noon-tide rays  
Yet proud, it awe-strikes even in decay,  
And seems to scorn the fate it must obey!  
Still more impressive from distress appears,  
And nods tremendous with its weight of years.


As I advance, and gaze on wrecks sublime,  
I scan (and half could *weep*) the spoils of Time!  
Th' aspiring battlements of base profound,  
In wreaths of full coëval ivies bound,  
Gleam greyly through the green—the spike-grass tall,  
And flimsy poppy, flaunt upon the wall.  
The outward rampart and the gate I note,  
In fragments fall'n, where sometime flow'd the moat.  
Age-rent and shatter'd hangs yon turret drear,  
It totters in the gust—I pass with fear!  
Offspring of wildness, the still courts o'erspread,  
Where the white thistle shakes its frequent head;  
On either side wan ghosts of grandeur peer,  
And Silence meditates on Glory's bier!  
HERE rose on column'd base the banner'd hall—  
How oft, with step of glee, at annual call,  
When Christmas strew'd her oaken garlands here,  
Illum'd the hearth, and spread her sav'ry cheer,  
Have the spruce Vassals throng'd to greet their Lord,  
And share the lib'ral plenties of his board;



How these now-silent roofs would *then* rebound  
 With all the magic of rejoicing sound!  
 No frowning tyrant *then* assum'd a sway,  
 But peerless Sport reign'd despot of the day,  
 Flew round the hall, a Proteus in his look,  
 Each varying step a varying gesture took.—  
 The wrestler's fall, the cudgel's dext'rous aim,  
 The morice-dance, the slipper's agile game,  
 The maiden's blush, the bumpkin's am'rous glow,  
 And rifl'd kiss beneath the misletoe!  
 Nor, Sport, did youth alone thy reign engage,  
 Thy smile was printed on the front of age:  
 From festive bench, beside the blazing hearth,  
 The Sire, well-pleas'd, beheld his children's mirth;  
 And as the scene glanc'd changeful on his view,  
 Retrac'd those frolic hours *his* life-morn knew.  
 The vet'ran Warrior, while his trencher cool'd,  
 The prolix story of his prowess told;  
 With venial pride display'd each time-sear'd scar,  
 Then trac'd its honours through a maze of war—

Once more, in fancy, sought the martial field,  
Impell'd the gleaming lance, and rear'd the shield;  
Approv'd the rapier 'gainst the buckler'd breast,  
Or deal'd the faulchion on the helmed crest—  
Again, on laurell'd couch victorious bled,  
And triumph'd, *doubly*, o'er the vanquish'd dead!  
The thrifty Wife, of œconomic fame,  
Rapt with some equally-domestic dame,  
In prosing speech, and due-consider'd nod,  
Defin'd the myst'ries of the household-god!  
The spinster Gossip clack'd her wond'rous tale,  
And sipp'd, at intervals, the nut-brown ale.


HERE too, oh Music! thy free native note  
In liquid labyrinths was taught to float!  
O'er his wild harp the hoary Minstrel hung,  
A bold, impassion'd touch his finger flung;  
And bade, with nervous sweep, the string impart  
Heroic ardours to the stripling's heart;  
By lofty verse the filial breast inspire,  
To match the bright atchievements of the sire;



---

With *him* in patriot daring nobly vie,  
Or live with freedom, or with glory die!  
Anon, to softer themes he laps'd his strain,  
And wak'd, with tend'rest art, the *sigh of pain!*  
Of LOVE the Minstrel sung—the vary'd fate  
Of bliss and torture that its slaves await;  
With dying thrills he fram'd the æry plaint,  
To rise in murmurs, and in echoes faint!  
So truly utter'd was the subtle sound,  
It stole unguess'd, and prob'd the *secret wound*;  
'Till, catch'd un'wares, the stricken soul would rush,  
And paint, in glowing dyes, the tell-tale blush!  
While Pleasure thus invok'd her various train,  
Grim Darkness call'd on Sleep—but call'd in vain;—  
In vain old Midnight beat his warning-bell,  
Its grave sonorous voice unheeded fell;  
Nay heard, but bade each pulse more vivid move,  
Warm and elastic to the *beat of love!*  
More keenly-bold became th' extatic pow'r,  
And stronger grew, as older wax'd the hour.

No longer kept its bounds the circ'd smile,  
But choral laughers shook the answ'ring pile.  
Thus blythe the white-wing'd moments sped their flight,  
'Till Morn shone perfect on reluctant Night;  
E'en *then*, the sleepless, sport-enthusiast crew,  
With sighs, and lothly, from their rites withdrew;  
One certain thought alone repress'd their pain— [again.  
That Time had wings, and Christmas would come round  
Alas! where now those fine-touch'd sons of mirth?  
Death-chill'd—mere dust—and gone to vulgar earth!  
Where now those trophy'd columns sculptur'd fair,  
Those fretted, glitt'ring roofs, hung high in air?  
Prone on the sod, in scatter'd wreck, they trail,  
Moss-grown—worm-eaten—slimy with the snail!  
The giant Desolation strides his throne,  
By Time's dark arm uprear'd, and I alone  
Contend the silent horrors of his reign,  
Sole living atom that its bounds contain!  
Yet soft! a muff'd owl, on wing obscene,  
Flits the cleft masses of yon arch between;



And darkling pour her harsh discordant scream  
In Ruin's praise—the bard befits the theme!  
Yet further on I press my tangl'd way,  
Through paths that lurk in gloom and shun the day.

These fractur'd steps, that shudder 'neath my feet,  
Conduct me, cautious, to Religion's seat,  
The low-built chapel—still it braves the blast—  
Though long deserted, holds its fabric fast;  
And, like its faith, stands firm, and scorns decay!  
Tall weeds and nettles choak the entrance-way;  
With yellow briony the porch is bound,  
And nightshade spreads her fatal blossoms round.

How still, how dreadful still, the hoary pile!  
How my step echoes as I pace the aisle!  
How cold strike all the shadowy homes of death!  
Not a faint murmur, not an æry breath  
Stirs the pale ivy round the windows twin'd:  
Yet more congenial to my present mind  
This mystic pause of action, than the rays  
Of noon contending with the taper's blaze,  
The jewell'd altar, the invocant priest  
Kneeling, in sacrificial splendours drest,



The golden censors' breath—a mist divine—  
In fragrant volumes curling o'er the shrine;  
The pealing anthem, and the organ's roll—  
Vain arts to imp for Heav'n the earthy soul!

Where gilded rails surround th' emblazon'd tomb,  
Sleeps HUNGERFORD,\* and waits his final doom.  
The man of might, who tower'd above his kind  
In Fortune's wealth, yet poor in wealth of mind;†  
Who rear'd these mansions sky-ward from their base,  
And stamp'd with honours a *retentive* race!  
Now lorn of life, a base insensate stone  
Records his name, and makes its greatness known.  
How humbling to the pride of lordly man,  
To think his vastness compass'd in a span!  
Howe'er by genius, valour, wisdom crown'd,  
By Fame's ten thousand tongues those gifts renown'd;

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\* The Lords of HUNGERFORD were the original possessors of the castle and its domain. The tomb of the founder is yet standing the upper part of the chapel.

† He attempted to poison several persons, for whom he had conceived a disgust, by a composition of toad's venom infused in paeonies. This tale is preserved in the archives of the castle, and even related emblematically on his tomb.

Each step a grace, each look a perfect charm—  
 To think, when Death uplifts his with'ring arm,  
 This noble work, this likeness of the God,  
 Shall rot and mingle with the common clod !  
 Nay more—his very BEING share its lot,  
 And in a trivial space be quite forgot !  
 E'en like the golden leaf on Autumn's tree,  
 That while it *hangs*, with doating eyes we see ;  
 But *fall'n*, behold, unmov'd, the rude winds sweep  
 Its glorious relique 'mid the gen'ral heap ;  
 And when gay Spring unveils her budding store,  
 Remember Autumn and the leaf no more !  
 Of this high lord the fate had been the same,  
 Had not a worthless stone preserv'd his fame—  
 A stone, that *living* his proud foot would tread,  
 Is plac'd above him, and denotes him *dead* !

From yon dank charnel-vault an aguish gust  
 Low-moaning steals, and gath'ring stirs the dust  
 Swept from the chieftain's tomb ! chill e'en to death,  
 My blood instinctive curdles at its breath !  
 A strange depression weighs upon my breast,  
 And my soul sinks (I know not *how*) distrest ;

All-sick'ning, cheerless, desolate, and dark—  
My ev'ry sense recoils and aches! But hark!  
Some village-clock, far-sounding in the gale,  
Counts faint the twilight-hour, and o'er the dale  
A distant sheep-bell tinkles—Sounds most sweet,  
Ye rouse my spirits from their wild retreat!  
My life revives—in yon pale skies I view  
The friendly clock confirm'd—its count was true!  
I mark, surpris'd, grey vapours skim the mead;  
For, all abstracted, I forgot to heed,  
How swift the flutt'ring minutes wing'd their way,  
And stole, by fairy thefts, the total day!  
Now in the west the last faint beam I trace,  
The crimson cloud of sun-set melts apace;  
While through the azure some soft stars appear,  
And 'gin to twinkle in the upper sphere!  
Sepulchral shades, lone realms of Fate, farewell!  
I go, ere yet the charming moon impel  
The shiv'ring spectre from his yawning tomb,  
To haunt, with stealthy step, your midnight gloom!  
Far distant shall I stray—yet, though between  
Foam'd seas and glisten'd Alps, your fearful scene

Would be to Fancy present still! So deep  
Your wild impression sinks, my pregnant sleep  
Will shape its crude abortions with your theme,  
And rise in loathly horrors on my dream!

Forth from his hole the long-tail'd Emmet hies,  
And snuffs the thick'ning fog; the Cricket cries;  
Th' unseemly Bat begins her wheeling flight,  
And the blind Beetle dips his wing in sight!  
Dark people of the hour advance, nor fear!  
No bold usurper of your reign is here;  
Your unseen sports, your mystic rites prepare,  
Do your foul orgies, and deform the air;  
These scenes I abdicate to Night and you—  
Ruins of FARLEY! take my *long* adieu!













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